

THE ACADEMY

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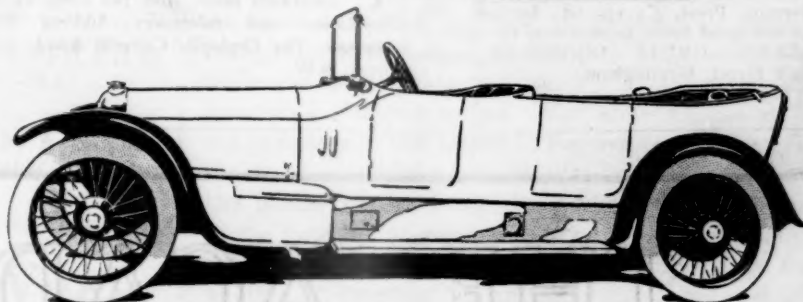
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The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks. to whom Contributions should be addressed.

THE ACADEMY

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PRICE THREEPENCE

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Notes of the Week

THE meeting of Parliament makes one think, and there is only one really serious topic to think about. That topic is the almost inextricable mess into which the Government have floundered in connection with the Irish question. We were all on perfectly safe ground until Mr. Gladstone, in the days of his decadence, chose to meddle with a national matter which only needed to be severely let alone. Autonomy, or Home Rule, or whatever you like to call it, is quite good and quite reasonable, where you have to deal with a homogeneous population. Directly you come into contact with a nation which in reality is no nation at all, but two uncongenial and incongruous peoples welded together for the sake of convenience, any person who is entitled to the appellation of a statesman would know at once that there must be some outside controlling influence to prevent the opposing elements from flying at each other's throats.

The harm, unfortunately, has now been done, and in these columns we have consistently maintained that one, and only one, solution is now possible; that solution, of course, is a separate assembly for Ulster, and it is by no means a hopeless one. The Ulster Parliament would be able to safeguard the interests of the Protestants scattered through the South and West of Ireland, because Ulster would be the solvent member of the association. In putting forward this proposition we are not suggesting anything with the intention

of making autonomy for Ireland unworkable. We believe that in the course of time the two assemblies would draw together. Each of them would be a participant in the future of their country; the rough edges would be smoothed down, and through the medium of joint sessions and joint conferences the divergences which are now acute would, we think, possibly disappear. The danger at the present moment appears to be that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond, to both of whom we would like to ascribe the best possible motives, have neither of them quite the courage to come out into the open and face the situation in the only way in which it can be dealt with.

If our travel, as Mr. Kipling suggested in his delightful address at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday, is soon to become a matter of aeroplanes and swift air-traffic, our ideas on the subject of scenery will have to be thoroughly revised. We shall approach cities, not through their exhalations of smoke and vapours and grimy outskirts, but dive down upon them from the skies and have our first impressions of them as though we looked upon a detailed, large scale plan, while the countryside will simply be perceived as a plan of a different colour. For some reasons we are not in love with this aspect of the coming change. The charm of a winding lane consists in the flowers along the banks, in the fresh views revealed at each turn, in the loitering at gates and straying down by-paths—idle hours, in fact, which most people would be sorry to lose. "Progress" is an ambiguous term, and often seems to be accepted as meaning increased speed; if we succeed in taking an hour off the journey from London to Scotland, say some, it is a sign of "progress." When it is possible to fly that distance in half the time that an express train now requires, shall we have "progressed" to any remarkable extent? The truest advances lie in the human mind, not in the ease with which our bodies can be transported from place to place.

Too many pessimists spoil the world. That, at any rate, is the burden of Sir James Crichton-Browne in a recent interview. He has small sympathy with those who pull long faces and echo the groans of the ill-equipped worker who laments that a man is "too old at forty"; in fact, he points out that "a preponderance of the work involving calm and powerful reason is done by men from fifty-five to seventy years of age." He sets the goal of the centenarian as the normal duration of man's life. This is very comforting indeed; if only we can bear it in mind when we reach the period of three-score years and ten, instead of settling down to a mumbling and discontented "old age" we shall look forward to thirty years of really enjoyable and profitable employment. The average intelligent man has a hatred of being considered "on the shelf," and this feeling, we presume, is merely the protest of nature at being coddled and treated as though everything was finished and done with when "old age," after all, should be the real, rosy time of our lives.

Worship

FOR many ill-earned days
Sped joyously I raise
My song of fearful praise;

For Beauty, earth's own bride,
Whose breath is as a tide
Of holy mirth and pride,

Sweet wonder and strange pain
For all things maimed or slain
Whose life comes not again;

For trees with leaves a-sway,
Day-long, and day by day,
To catch what the winds say,

For birds that sing and sing
As though all life were spring
And death not anything:

I praise though none may hear
All beauty far or near
In earth or sea or air.

WILFRID THORLEY.

Futurism and the Music-Hall

POINTING the antithesis between the customs and characteristics of various nations is a harmless and entrancing game. Everyone knows a story or two about an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman, at the expense (morally and figuratively only) of the last-named. The game can also be played with schools—Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, for choice; or with religions—Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Nonconformist or Jewish. The number of types recommended is three.

The best Anglo-Franco-German comparison we have heard is that of Heine, with patriotism for the connecting link. The Teutono-Franco-Jewish poet said, in effect—we wish we had his very words beside us, but we have not—"The Frenchman loves his country as his mistress, the Englishman as his lawful wedded wife, and the German as his great-grandmother."

From Heine to ourselves is certainly a step, but we cannot refrain from putting on record a piece of antithetical wisdom we once served to a friend. Perhaps it was more antithetical than wise, but, at any rate, it brings us closer to the subject in hand. Our advice was—"Go to the Theatre in France, the Opera in Germany, and the Music-hall in England." Wise or not, the idea does not seem to be our monopoly. At any rate, Signor Marinetti has hold of it. He knows England is the home of the Music-hall. Else why does he address his pontifical communication on the subject to the *Daily Mail*? Or—to put the matter rather differently—why did he choose this subject for his first appeal on a large scale to the great heart of the British Public?

The latest Futurist manifesto bears the date September 29, and professes to have been "publié par le *Daily Mail*, 21 Novembre, 1913." That is not quite exact. We read Signor Marinetti's article, and we are in a position to state that the two documents differ both in form and in detail. The *Daily Mail* article was—an article; "Le Music-hall: Manifeste Futuriste" is a debauch, starting with a riot of classification, worthy of Austin's "Jurisprudence," and ending in an orgy of Futurist prose, "beyond the good and ill" of punctuation. And some of the words and expressions that figure in the manifesto, had they done duty in the article, would infallibly have enriched our daily press with a pink morning paper.

Why does Signor Marinetti exalt the Music-hall? For nineteen separate reasons (most of them the same), "separated" (some of them) "quite reasonably and precisely" into four. The Music-hall has no traditions; it symbolises the rapidity of modern life; it tears the veil from amorous sentimentality; it gives object-lessons in courage; and it flouts Art—"avec un grand A."

Now, a good many of these virtues do undoubtedly belong to the Music-hall, but one of them we can by no means allow. "Le Music-hall," says Signor Marinetti, "n'a heureusement pas de traditions." For the English music-hall—which is the type Signor Marinetti has in his mind, since he disdains "le genre des revues parisiennes aussi ennuyantes et stupides que la tragédie grecque"—nothing could be less true. Tradition is the essence of our variety stage; the mother-in-law, the lodger, and the umbrella are types that have a long life behind, and probably before, them. The innuendo even is perfectly conventional. The really solid Music-hall of to-day and the Music-hall of fifty years ago are as like in their essence as two circuses. The Music-hall performer who suddenly found himself in the hands of a Futurist stage-manager would probably be seized with an attack of sheer fright.

No, Signor Marinetti is too much of an idealist. If he had been the round of the London theatres, he would have seen revolution at work. If he had been to some of the typical Music-halls, he would have sat through a performance dating from the Great Exhibition of 1851. In a few of the twice-daily houses he might occasionally trace a more adventurous spirit, but even there the *ensemble* is frankly reactionary, in the Futurist sense. The client of the Music-hall is the product of a long and slow formative experience; a simple child of nature he is certainly not. Signor Marinetti would be better employed preaching to the new theatre. Some of its patrons are quite capable of understanding his jokes.

R. S.

A lecture on "British Wit and Humour of To-day" will be given by Mr. Walter Emanuel on Friday next, at 8 o'clock, at Stationers' Hall, Ludgate Hill. The chairman will be Mr. Arthur Waugh. Admission will be 6d., and the lecture is held in connection with the National Book Trade Provident Society.

In the Learned World

A COMMUNICATION to the Académie des Inscriptions made last month by M. Maurice Pezard well illustrates the undying nature of personal names in the East. The French excavators at Bender-Bouchir, in the province known in ancient times as Susiana and in ours as Khuzistan, have found an inscription of a king of Susa or Elam about 2000 years before Christ, called Humbanmana. This appears to be a variant of the name of Khumbaba or Humbaba—the *k* being merely a strongly aspirated *h*—the tyrant whose home was among the cedar-trees of Elam, and who was slain by Gilgamesh, the national hero of Babylonia, in whom Professor Sayce and others see the prototype of the Greek Heracles. In Greek times, however, we find this Khumbaba mixed up in a most extraordinary story in which one Nannaros, who, as was pointed out long ago, is plainly the Babylonian Moon-god Nannar, appears as his antagonist. Nor is this all. In Mahomedan times, when En-Nadim, in the book known as the "Fihrist," set to work to give an account of what he considered the cosmogony current among the Manichæans then clustered on the eastern borders of Turkestan, he found that they called Satan or Ahriman, the Chief of the Evil Creation, by the name of Hummâma. Thus we find a personal name persisting for nearly 3000 years in recognisable form, and always associated with an enemy or opponent of the good powers. An exactly similar instance of this tendency exists with regard to the queen of hell, while, on the other hand, the name of Iskander or Alexander the Great still lingers in Central Asia as that of the king of the believing genii. Whether the East is really as "unchanging" as was once thought may be doubted, but it certainly preserves tradition as the Desert does the material relics of culture.

In the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, the Hon. Emmeline Plunket, who has devoted a lifetime to the investigation of the astronomical myths of the ancients, again tackles the story of the Descent of Ishtar, the Babylonian Aphrodite who was fabled to have descended into hell to reclaim her dead lover Thammuz or Adonis. She would connect this legend, with which that of Gilgamesh above mentioned is interlaced, with the bright star known as Spica virginis, which, according to her, must at one particular time in Babylonia have set with the Sun, to reappear with him a month later on the horizon at dawn. This is possible enough; and, although what is called the "Astral Theory" of Oriental mythology has been pushed much too far by certain German scholars, it is by no means improbable that the Babylonians, as a nation of astronomers, strove to explain the different months of their calendar by myths which were perhaps in existence before they began to record their observations. Miss Plunket declares that this is one of the proofs that the Zodiacal calendar of the Babylonians must have been formed at a date not later than 6000 B.C., as evidenced

by the fact that the month in which the reappearance of Spica was hailed with rejoicing after a month of mourning nearly coincided with the summer solstice. That this was in Babylonia also the month of harvest coincides, of course, with the elaborate theory of the Dying God worked out by Dr. Frazer in his "Golden Bough," and is supported by the fact that the Virgin of the constellation still bears on our celestial globes an ear of wheat in her hand.

In the same *Proceedings*, Professor Newberry shows, it would seem conclusively, that a much-damaged stela from Abydos, now in the Cairo Museum, is that of King Djer—or, as he prefers to spell it, Zer—of the First Egyptian Dynasty. This king, whose name Dr. Budge of the British Museum and others would read Khent, was one of the earliest kings whose relics were found by M. Amelineau at Omm'-el-Gaab, and the art of his reign, as shown by his inscriptions on stone vases and the like, is so different from that of the objects found in the other tombs there as to give some colour to the theory that he was of a different race from the rest of the so-called dynasty. Professor Newberry's reconstruction of the stela, which is broken in such a way that only the tip of the distinctive sign, which he assumes to be three pots or water-jars tied together, appears, is a piece of circumstantial evidence worthy of Sherlock Holmes.

Two new English journals devoted to Egyptology have appeared this month, thereby taking away the reproach that England, the Protector of Egypt, has hitherto refused to follow in this respect the example set by, among others, France, Germany, and Sweden. One of these is called the *Journal of Egyptian Archaeology*, and is published by the Egypt Exploration Fund, which has done such good work in excavating and preserving some of the greatest monuments in Egypt, among them being, as every visitor to Luxor must remember, the magnificent temples of Deir el-Bahari. Its first number contains, among other things, an article by Captain Lyons, giving the new law with regard to antiquities in Egypt now in operation, which must materially interest all scarab-buying tourists—their name is legion—as well as more serious investigators. In stringency it leaves nothing to be desired, but whether it will have any other effect than raising the already high price of "antikas" remains to be seen. The other contents give the lectures delivered, under the auspices of the Fund, by Professor Naville, its senior excavator, to whom we are indebted for the clearing of Deir el-Bahari; Mr. Hogarth, curator of the Ashmolean Museum; Professor Sayce, who discourses on the Egyptian beads found at Stonehenge; and others. There is also a very careful summary of finds and publications relating to Christian Egypt—a subject too often neglected by archaeologists—by Mr. Gaselee, and full reports of all the work done by the Fund during the past year. The whole tone of the journal is scholarly and impartial, and we wish it every success.

The other Egyptological periodical is called *Ancient*

Egypt, and is said in its prefatory note to be the "regular organ of the various branches of the Egyptian Research Students' Association." It is edited by Professor Flinders Petrie, and seems to be a good deal more of a "one man show" than the other. It contains, however, two papers by Egyptologists of note in the persons of Professor Newberry and Baron von Bissing. An article by the editor on Egyptian beliefs in a Future Life—it purports to be a reprint of the Drew lecture, a foundation unknown to us—is well illustrated and interesting, and will please those who like to combine Egyptology with mysticism. One would like to learn, however, what ground the lecturer can have for the date which he assigns to the Hermetic writings, which he tells us "are dated by the political allusions in them, and were composed from 500 to 200 B.C." Subject to anything he may have to say on the subject, one must doubt whether any of the fragments he quotes are anterior to the Christian era, while most of them seem clearly to belong to the age which saw the death of paganism.

F. L.

A Memory of Aden

ALTHOUGH Aden could not, perhaps, be written Eden, it has been called harder names than, to the casual eye, it deserves. One writer styles it a coal-hole; another, the Clapham Junction of shipping east of Suez. The Arabs go to the other extreme and hail it as the "haven of rest," a tribute paid, it must be confessed, less to any scenic attractions of the place than to the beneficent rule of a born race of administrators that has never adopted the *Oderint dum metuant* policy of some among its rivals in the sun. No; Aden is not even remotely suggestive of Paradise, yet only a blind man or a Bonze could fail to see beauty in those clear-cut hills lit by the setting sun, their silhouette so sharp against the violet sky over which the darkness stalks swiftly as to suggest stage scenery for the Brocken act of "Faust." In the searching light of day, it is not to be denied, the lack of verdure is forbidding, and it is clear that those scalped pinnacles, arid and inaccessible, provide neither sanatorium for the convalescent nor game for the sportsman.

Those who, stationed at this westernmost frontier of our Indian Empire, have opportunities of watching its development, recognise changes, some of them for the better, during the past decade; but to the not too discerning eye of one who last set foot on Steamer Point eighteen years ago—eighteen years of unfulfilled promise gone to the greedy locusts that devour so many reputations dreamed of, but never, alas, made—the place might, but for its motor-cars, be the same to-day as it was in Queen Victoria's reign. The long-tailed kites perch and whistle as of yore in the ship's rigging, and the great grey gulls still harry them in the air.

Amphibious Somalis, hopeful of baksheesh and heedless of sharks, still dive off the top deck, for there has long been an end to the unpopular interlude during which this hazardous practice was interdicted, the Governor having revoked the decree in view of the number of aged folk supported by the earnings of the diving boys.

To the passenger in transit, a little weary of life between decks, Aden is merely a brief but welcome interlude in the long voyage to India or the Cape, with a few idle hours ashore in which to buy cigarettes and, if he be foolish enough, ostrich tips packed in long tin cases. For these, unless worthless or stolen, he has to pay as much as he would if purchasing them from a reliable dealer in Bond Street, and, even so, he runs the risk of a heigh, presto! change of tins under his very eye, discovering too late that he has been the victim of a fraud so ingenious as in some measure to condone the vendor's villainy. Here, if anywhere, the buyer needs a hundred eyes, for these unsophisticated Arabs can give as good an exhibition of legerdemain as any cheap-Jack fleecing yokels at a country fair at home.

The drive to the Tanks, formerly available only in decrepit gharries painfully drawn by knock-kneed refugees from the crowning mercy of the knacker, may now be done on petrol, though the discriminating sight-seer will, with a couple of hours to spare, still give the preference to the antique shandrydan of other days rather than be whirled along at a pace prohibitive of due appreciation of the route. If the whole truth must be told, the tanks themselves, which have, among other alleged sources, been ascribed to the Public Works Department of the Queen of Sheba, are less worth the travelling to than the picturesque native quarter passed on the way, a seething hive of black humanity, infinitely attractive to the photographer. Those who have seen the tanks on former occasions will find more to attract them in the hospitality of the Union Club, where they are sure of a welcome and good cheer.

At length, out of that baffling *cul de sac* forges the sturdy old *Golgonda* on her way to the East Coast, and, as she dips majestically to the blue seas that meet her keel, Aden goes down over the sky-line. It is a spot that, like others better and worse, is many things to many men. To the bird of passage it is a pleasant perch on which to alight, a little space while yawning hatches are fed by creaking cranes. To Arabs and Somalis it is a glad refuge from the petty tyranny of native misrule, not without opportunities of imposing on the ingenuous tourist. To white men stationed there it is a waste of sand and rock on which they must work towards the official Nirvana of home and pension. Tired eyes strain ever towards Suez and the little grey home in the West. Weary exiles sympathise with those patriotic Athenians of old who vowed that the moon which shone over Athens was finer than the moon of Corinth.

F. G. AFLALO.

REVIEWS

A Frontier Medical Missionary

Pennell of the Afghan Frontier: The Life of Theodore Leighton Pennell, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. By ALICE M. PENNELL, M.B. With an Introduction by F.M. EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.G. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE brief introduction to this book has been appropriately written by Lord Roberts, who has personal knowledge of the scene and value of Dr. Pennell's labours; and the latter's father was the Field-Marshal's first cousin. The hope expressed by Lord Roberts that this volume will have a wide circulation may be cordially echoed. It is a record of great service, nobly and fearlessly rendered, to country, to humanity, to God. Dr. Pennell was cast by nature in a heroic mould, and in his Medical Mission at Bannu had ample scope for showing his sterling qualities and great ability. Bannu—as many may not know—is one of the districts of the North-Western Frontier Province of British India, situated between the River Indus and the Independent Tribes who separate British India from Afghanistan. "The Bannuchi is not a lovable or attractive type of Pathan. He has all his vices and few of his virtues." Here the Medical Mission had been established, to which Dr. Pennell was appointed by the Church Missionary Society. Besides the Hospital at Bannu, and the innumerable out-patients attending it, there was a Mission School for native children; there were, too, outlying dispensaries to be supervised, and fraud to be detected. He was often summoned to serious cases at great distances; he had regular preaching in the Bannu bazar, touring and preaching in the villages; all these multifarious duties kept him fully employed—every minute of his time was occupied. He was accessible to all-comers, and indefatigable; he took very little rest and hardly ever any holiday. Perhaps he would have been wiser to have spared himself a little, but it was in his nature to be always strenuously engaged: change of occupation was his relaxation; he was too busy to be ill, he said.

The Bannu district is subject to raids by the tribesmen who are experts at pillage and kidnapping; they live in an atmosphere of trivial quarrels, leading up to retaliation, border feuds, and bloodshed, while, as fanatical Mahomedans, they "count it righteousness and the way to heaven to kill an unbeliever." The dangers of the frontier, "bristling with tragedy," are notorious; this book recounts many instances of gallant officers suddenly attacked and struck down individually, while organised raids have to be punished, and kidnapped persons and stolen property have to be recovered by superior force or skill. In such a situation Dr. Pennell showed his fearlessness by never carrying a weapon of offence. Though he was constantly assaulted, and not unfrequently stoned, he maintained his belief in his policy, and could not be induced to change it. It was wonderful that, during his long residence at Bannu from 1893 to 1912, he escaped a

violent death. Though he gained, in his medical capacity, the confidence and love of his patients and all who knew him—and Indians are shrewd judges of character—he was exposed in his long and lonely journeys to collisions with strangers, robbers, and cut-throats; he lived unarmed in their villages, trusting to the protection of his hosts. His name and reputation travelled far; the blind, the halt, and the maimed were brought to him from remote places, though many of the cases were beyond all human skill. He was most famous for his operations for cataract, but his success was often marred by the folly of the patients and their attendants.

Apart from his professional prowess, which was guaranteed by the honours and distinctions he had gained as a medical student, the secrets of his success lay in his courage, in his sympathy for the natives, in the confidence he inspired by his personal sacrifice, his personal magnetism, his many acts of forgiveness, for he never condemned a transgressor. He was convinced that his adoption of native dress, which he varied in travelling to suit local fashions, gave him a speedy entry into the affections of the people. But he was careful to distinguish that he regarded Indian garb not as an end in itself but as only one missionary implement out of many to be used when necessity arose. His main difficulties in religious matters lay with the mullahs, the priests and preachers of Islam, and with the ingrained faiths of the population hostile to Christianity. By the former he was violently opposed, but one at least of his chief antagonists succumbed to his personal influence. His sense of humour was a great help. Once he baffled a native pleader by saying, of a mental picture, that "it is compared by a process of unconscious cerebration with previous mental pictures founded on experience." By his schoolboys he was adored: himself an athlete, he encouraged their games, football and cricket, bathed with them in pools and rivers, took them expeditions, conducted a football team through India, "in every way he could he set himself to train them to be good citizens and upright men."

A medical missionary, of his stamp and physique, may gain, as he did, enormous influence: his work was "an important political factor on the Bannu frontier"; so competent authority stated. Some natives, at the same time, said of him, "your medicine is good, but your religion is wicked." His converts generally remained faithful, and some rose to positions of trust; others yielded to family pressure and relapsed. He employed his pen by writing on the "Wild Frontier Tribes," and on his Travels in Northern India; for he travelled constantly, and preached and taught wherever he went. His death from septic poisoning, after operating on his colleague, cut short a noble and useful career. "The countryside was plunged in grief." His work and name will abide on the frontier when Viceroys and Politicals have long been forgotten. This book, a simple record, will do much to inform the British public of life—and death—on the Indian frontier, and shows what an enthusiast can do to win turbulent tribesmen to civilisation and to Christianity.

Sir Thomas Wiat: Stalk and Flower

The Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat. Edited by A. K. FOXWELL, M.A. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s. net.)

THOMAS WIAT, knight, courtier, diplomatist, statesman, ambassador, loved making little verses to be accompanied by the lute. And now, lo and behold, his services as a great man of the world are forgotten, while his little songs, shining like bright gems in the crown of English poesy, give him immortality; which thing is a parable. For it shows the economy of Time: how like a flail Time winnows perishable from imperishable, and it also points the moral that our devouring lust for specialisation does not really accord with true harmony of life. Does Mr. Churchill play the lute, and has Mr. Lloyd George rondeaus to his credit? We have no hesitation in saying that they would be better statesmen if to the proud boast, "I am the servant of the Lord God of Hosts," they could add, "and I understand the lovely art of the Muses."

To-day, the politician who wrote poetry and was an accomplished musician would probably find that his talents cost him votes, being regarded by the vulgar as wasteful trifling, and the fact is one of those depressing signs which show how deeply Materialism has stamped its hoof. On the other hand, for at least a century it has remained equally true that the poet who was also a statesman or man of affairs has been looked upon as an incompetent Jack-of-all-trades. The result is that we have many feeble poets lifting up their insignificant mirrors to catch the fleeting glances of the Muses, while bigger men who might blossom into poetry, as they had the proud humility, are content to make money and collect old masters, or waste their substance in a riot of political self-seeking. They are all stalk. But if we think of the lives of Dante, of Spenser, of Milton, or Sir Thomas Wiat, we see how under noble and natural conditions of life a man's whole activity comes to flower in art, and we may be quite sure that the time is not far distant when the labours of men like Blake and Nietzsche, and all who insisted that without imagination man sinks towards the beasts, will bear fruit, and whole men will supplant a generation of mechanical specialisers.

Sir Thomas Wiat's poetry was the flower of his life. He translated Petrarch and borrowed freely from earlier writers, as every sincere artist borrows from his fore-runners, happily assured that originality is never a matter of mere superficial unlikeness. He was the originator of the sonnet form in English, and by his honest endeavours to wrestle with English prosody paved the way for the great Elizabethans. For all these things he is renowned in our text books and guides to English literature; but those who read for more than what is miscalled "culture" will look for the man in his verse, and they will not be disappointed. Wiat was an honest lover of life who quested for understanding and wrote with a zeal for truth. He had style because, in

Matthew Arnold's phrase, he had something to say and he said it. His lightest lyrics were no mere spinning of words, no amiable contortionist's exercise in interesting emotions; but he spoke with authority, like Sydney and Donne and Herbert, of the things which he knew.

Miss Foxwell has done well to insist upon these virtues rather than upon Wiat's historical importance. It is a healthy sign of the times. Her books are a magnificent example of the care and pains which have lately been expended upon our classic authors for the purpose of making complete and definite editions. No decent library can afford to be without the Clarendon books, and here is the edition of Wiat. No pains have been spared to make the work a triumph of sound editing. The commentary is very full, but Miss Foxwell is too anxious to hand herself over to her readers in her sincere enjoyment of her author. Thus on a couple of lines in the Satire beginning, "My mothers maydes," she writes:

"This combination of work allied with a great human sympathy is the great force which is drawing men and women nearer together to-day. The idea of work undertaken in love, meeting the problems and difficulties of life on an equal footing, with mutual help and mutual joy in life, is one of the ideals of the age, and must be partially realised, because of the purity and integrity of the purpose that it involves."

However true that may be, it is an expression of personal opinion. We do not go to an authoritative edition for general opinions, and Miss Foxwell gives us too many of them, while she falls into the error of over-praise in her too great anxiety to establish Wiat's high position. She also makes use of that most detestable of all terms, "the sex." But these are human and forgivable flaws in a piece of work which merits the gratitude of every real student of English literature.

Oriental Opinions

Epochs of Civilisation. By PRAMATHA NATH BOSE, B.Sc. (W. Newman and Co., Calcutta.)

MR. BOSE has undertaken an immense task. In the words of his own candid admission: "In fact, the immensity of the task I have undertaken makes me exclaim with the Indian poet, 'A dwarf deluded do I stretch out my arms for a fruit attainable only by a giant.'"

The Indian poet's estimate of the disproportion between the relative statures errs on the side of moderation. For the difference between the infinitely small and the infinitely great is infinity. A consideration of the title of Mr. Bose's book will demonstrate the accuracy of our proposition. The word civilisation is of so wide a connotation as to be meaningless to all save the Socialist orator; and in that process which is vaguely indicated by the term there are no epochs. The natural swing of the pendulum from the doctrine

of Nature doing nothing *per saltum* resulted in the equally erroneous doctrine that Nature does everything by epochs. It will be the glory of the twentieth century to have exposed the fallacy of this as of all generalisations. The nineteenth century saw the apotheosis of the "ologies." The twentieth century shall haply witness the restoration to favour of that knowledge, the only truly exact knowledge, which was dispossessed of her estate in favour of the upstart harlequin which has too long masqueraded in the guise of "Science." Mr. Bose complains that every science has been marching apace, except sociology. If misguided students of human affairs will insist upon forcing their pet study into the Procrustean bed of an "ology," they must not be surprised if its tender organism becomes irreparably stunted in the process.

We have read Mr. Bose's thesis with care and interest. If we have misunderstood his teaching, the fault is not in the reader but in the writer. If we read him aright, he would have us believe that there is a fundamental difference of temperament between the Oriental and the Occidental; that the passivity of the former is opposed to the activity of the latter; that material development is destructive of ethical and spiritual development. The spirit of Mr. Bose's writing is reactionary. In our opinion his faculty of generalisation has led him astray. When he attacks Huxley's exhortation to Europeans of the present age, as "grown men," to "play the man"—

Strong in will

To strive to seek to find and not to yield,

he fails to see that Huxley's gospel is true, whether or not there be an answer to the question which Mr. Bose asks: "To find what?" It is a true gospel, though a man should strive after the unattainable, should seek that which he may never find, should find that which should profit him nothing.

The keynote of such a gospel is contained in the words "not to yield." The ethical and spiritual development of which the author approves, not necessarily but in fact does connote a yielding, a turning away of the face from that which is ugly and painful. The development which he holds up to scorn as "material" does, however unsuccessfully, aim at a complete understanding and solution of the problems of existence. It refuses to take things for granted. It says: "If the purpose of Providence be a beneficent purpose, we will assist in its realisation; if it be not beneficent, then we will frustrate it." Far different is the mental attitude of the homunculus of Mr. Bose. "Why strive when ye shall not attain? Why seek when ye shall not find? Why find when it shall not profit you? Yield to the inevitable."

The author has a somewhat aggressive habit of reminding us that all discoveries of any value whatsoever were made some thousands of years ago by Hindu philosophers. He is not the first critic to preach that all is vanity. Nor is he the first preacher to forget that his prototype who said, "Vanity of vanities; all

is vanity," did not end there: "and further because the Preacher was wise he still taught the people knowledge." If all be vanity, our Western minds demand the reason why. And since the answer involves a complete comprehension of the "all," we are not at present in danger of that mental hebetude which comes of finality.

It would be an unprofitable task to criticise Mr. Bose's conclusions in detail. We totally disagree with him upon his general principle that the Occidental has "conquered the forces of Nature, only to be a slave of the forces which that conquest has created. His marvellous and manifold inventions, instead of lightening the struggle for existence, have tended rather to make it more acute, more prolonged, more widespread, and more debasing; instead of facilitating the liberation of the soul, have tended rather to tighten its fetters; instead of diminishing the sum of human misery, have tended rather to increase it."

So sweeping a condemnation of Western civilisation carries its own refutation upon the face of it. But it is useful as a typical expression of that peculiarly "Oriental" mode of thought which to us stands for decadence. That we disagree with Mr. Bose does not in any way preclude us from acknowledging that his work is of great value, if only because he draws attention to some of the many defects in European life and manners. His failure is due to the same causes as contributed to the disaster which befell Phæthon.

An Elizabethan Englishman

Gabriel Harvey's Marginalia. Collected and edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH. (Stratford-upon-Avon, Shakespeare Head Press.)

AT the present day, Gabriel Harvey is chiefly remembered for his literary friendship with Edmund Spenser, his literary conflict with Thomas Nashe, and his attempt to impose classical metres upon English poetry—an attempt which has caused him to be dubbed "pedant" from his own day to this. But recent research has shown that Harvey, far from being a mere pedant, was a man of wide interests and sympathies and of keen ambitions, and one whose friendship was valued by some of the most gifted men of his day.

The present volume contains, besides the *Marginalia*, which are its essential part, a study of the life and character of Harvey. For this, Professor Moore Smith tells us, the material "is so abundant that it would not be strange if Harvey stood out as the best known of all Elizabethan Englishmen"; and he has certainly been able to set forth a very complete and vivid account of Harvey's career, "with its bright morning, its noonday storms, and its long, dull evening." A tragical career it was in many ways. His brilliant promise never came to fulfilment. If he had the gift of attaching friends to himself, he seems to have possessed in no less degree the power of exciting

enmity, and in his efforts to better his position he found his way constantly blocked by those personally hostile to himself.

Of the Marginalia which Professor Moore Smith here publishes, the great bulk is now printed for the first time. Harvey's *Commonplace Book*, preserved in the British Museum, is included. The books whose margins he has enriched with notes bear witness to his wide reading in many languages besides his own, and to the great variety of subjects in which he was interested. Works on law, politics, history, and natural philosophy all came within his range. Poetry and the drama are less conspicuous. The only contemporary English poet whose work he annotates is George Gascoigne; but in a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer we have some valuable notes on the writers of his day. This last-named volume which, though known to have been in existence in the eighteenth century, was supposed to have perished in a fire, was brought to Professor Moore Smith's notice when his book was already in type, but fortunately not too late for him to include the Marginalia in an appendix, and to discuss the points raised therein in a preface. We are also given a photographic facsimile of the most famous passage in these notes—that containing the earliest known mention of the play of "Hamlet":

"The younger sort takes much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them, to please the wiser sort."

Professor Moore Smith discusses in his preface the bearing of this note on the usually accepted date (1602) of "Hamlet," his conclusion being that in all probability the drama is dated almost certainly two, and possibly four, years too late.

Literary students will be grateful to Professor Moore Smith for having made accessible to them in so readable a form these intimate notes and comments, which throw so much fresh light on Gabriel Harvey's complex and outstanding personality.

When the Assyrian Came Down

Excavations at Ain Shems (Beth-Shemesh). By DUNCAN MACKENZIE, Ph.D. Illustrated. (Palestine Exploration Fund Offices. Double Vol. 31s. 6d.)

THE new annual of the Palestine Exploration Fund, which is a double volume, is devoted entirely to the excavations during 1912 at Ain Shems, the Biblical Beth-Shemesh. The text, written by Dr. Duncan Mackenzie, extends to one hundred large quarto pages, and these are followed by sixty-one pages of splendidly reproduced plates, comprising photographs, plans and drawings, together with a few illustrations in the text. These features have combined to form a volume, which, apart from its value to the expert, must prove a pleasing addition to the libraries of all archaeologists, both professional and amateur. Beth-Shemesh, which has lain desolate since its destruction by Sennacherib,

years before the beginning of the Christian era, was the site of three distinct cities, each of which was in turn destroyed by an alien invader. After the first two destructions the city was rebuilt, but so thoroughly had it been destroyed that, in both instances, the new city was erected upon the ruins of the old one. The first of these, destroyed about 1400 B.C., was that of the Canaanites. This was succeeded by that of the Philistines, which was in turn captured and destroyed by the Israelites, who in their turn succumbed to Sennacherib and the Assyrian host. The city was never again rebuilt, although the Arab village of Ain Shems now occupies the site.

The authorities of the Fund in the course of the excavations brought to light innumerable objects; after these have been thoroughly examined, they cannot fail to extend the field of knowledge of early Palestinian history and of Biblical science. The plates, forming a not inconsiderable portion of the present volume, contain reproductions of many of the smaller objects which are part of the harvest of the excavators, and as the periods to which many of these objects relate are identical with those of a good portion of the Old Testament narrative, one can easily understand how much light they throw on the Bible story and on the social customs of the ancient Hebrews. For instance, a large number of finds consisted of water pitchers, belonging to a period contemporary with that of the Patriarchs. Dr. Mackenzie is therefore not unjustified in suggesting that these pitchers are probably, if not identical with, very similar to that borne by Rachel when Jacob met her at the well. Then, again, many small figures of gods and goddesses came to light, and these Dr. Mackenzie suggests were household gods similar to and contemporary with those stolen by Rachel when she left her father's house. All these small discoveries must add appreciably to the sum of Philistine and Israelite lore. The most valuable of the discoveries recorded in this volume is, however, that of the great South Gate, considered by Dr. Mackenzie one of the finest monuments in Palestine. Another discovery of supreme interest is the great Canaanite High Place, including its pillars, which survived through all vicissitudes until its overthrow by Sennacherib, when the city was finally destroyed.

The Fund does well by means of these volumes to bring before all of us the invaluable work it is performing. It is to be hoped that the public for its part will recognise these researches by more adequately supporting the Fund.

Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson publish this week Miss Ethel Sidgwick's new novel, "A Lady of Leisure." For once in a way, Miss Sidgwick deals wholly with English characters, and the greater portion of the story takes place in London. The same firm issue the Welsh play, "Change," by J. O. Francis, recently performed in London by the Stage Society. This is the play that won Lord Howard de Walden's prize.

Popular Opposition to the Reformation

The Western Rebellion of 1549. By FRANCES ROSE-TROUP, F.R.Hist.S. (Smith, Elder and Co. 14s. net.)

IN no department of English history has such biased partiality been shown as in the chapter of the Reformation period. The reasons are sufficiently obvious. Until the new philosophical school of history arose under the leadership of men like Bishop Stubbs and Lord Acton, historians, in the interests of policy, expediency, or religious predilections, had no scruples about slurring over or omitting inconvenient facts in a manner which often amounted to a suppression of the truth. Stubbs once traversed the ritual judgments of the Privy Council as a "most barefaced falsification of history and of documents." If such an indictment were possible in the case of English judges, what might be expected of prejudiced historians, who, as Acton said, were exactly like jurors, who vote according to their personal likes and dislikes. In the Moral Sciences, Prejudice is Dishonesty. In much religious history moral science is of no account.

Bright dismissed in a few lines the Western Rebellion as mainly a result of social discontent at the rise in prices and enclosure of common-lands. Though we now know well enough that the Reformation was forced on the people from above by Tudor absolutism, former historians generally gave the impression that the country welcomed the suppression of the monasteries and joyfully accepted without protest the most violent changes in religious worship.

But the Calendars of State Papers reveal a very different story. These grim documents are as a well of truth, unfouled by the mire of controversy, and the talented author of this work has examined them to some purpose. Many other MSS. have been consulted, as for example, at Hatfield House, at Oxford, at the Diocesan Registry, Exeter, and particularly the Petyt MS. in the library of the Middle Temple. Miss Rose-Troup tells us of the disturbances which arose in Cornwall as early as 1536. In that land of many saints, with their local festivals, resentment began with the suppression of the village feast-days. Later, the abolition of customary church ceremonies, but, above all, the despoiling of churches of their beautiful

treasures, crosses, plate, banners, reliquaries, vestments, aroused the greatest indignation, particularly "when the commissioners had been reported as riding along the highways decked in vestments associated with the most sacred and solemn services. Gross insult was added to the injury of stealing things mostly bought with the people's own contributions."

The churches' furniture was regarded naturally as the property of the parish. This feeling is evidenced by the number of beautiful pre-Reformation screens still extant in Devon churches, which no pressure of the terrible arm of the law could induce the parishioners to destroy. In how cruel and summary a manner the law was enforced we learn from these pages. It is true that the people were, strictly speaking, rebels. But it is equally true, though hitherto often forgotten or designedly neglected, that in a large part of England the Reformation Settlement was carried by force of arms and ruthless executions, amounting sometimes to massacre. The Lincolnshire rising was followed by thirty executions. In the North we find that "seventy-four victims were suspended from the walls of Carlisle alone, while a list of those executed by Norfolk's lieutenants bears witness to a terrible vengeance." All this Froude ignores. Further, he exonerates Lord Russell for the horrible massacre of prisoners of war when the Royal forces were marching on Exeter. He hints that it was the work of mercenaries, but does not produce a grain of evidence. At Clyst Heath the insurgents fought with great valour and bravery, but were defeated with fearful carnage on both sides, to which the plough three centuries later bore witness in the vast number of bones disclosed. Later, the battle of Sampford Courtenay left five or six hundred dead on the field, while of the fugitives some seven hundred men were slain. The last stand was made at King's Weston, in Somerset, where there was "great slaughter." The suppression of the rising was followed by numerous executions in the West, "a trail of death and terror, a veritable shambles on an enormous scale." Those who wish to know by what a reign of terror in many parts of the country the sweeping changes of the Reformation were compelled, against the will of the people, will find in these pages some remarkable evidence drawn from MSS. and other contemporary sources by the zealous research of the talented author, who has written a most interesting account of the insurrections in Devonshire and Cornwall against religious innovations in the reign of Edward VI.

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Shorter Reviews

Edmund Burke und die Französische Revolution. By FRIEDRICH MEUSEL. (Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, Berlin. 5 mks.)

BURKE is a writer who will always be read. It has been granted to him to say almost all there is to say on one side of the greatest historical debate of modern times, and to say it before anyone else had begun to grasp the meaning of the phenomena under discussion. It is curious that two foreign works dealing with the "Reflections on the French Revolution" should have appeared almost at the same moment—M. d'Anglejan's French translation and Herr Meusel's critique. Herr Meusel's work, we gather from the preface, is only an instalment. It consists really in a series of suggestions, some of them most informing. The central fact about Burke—that he stood for historical against abstract politics—is well developed. Comparisons with Hume and Herder help to define his position. Herr Meusel ingeniously notes that, when Hume wants to describe a great man, he uses substantives, giving his subject a ready-made, doctrinaire appearance, while Burke prefers adjectives and verbs, "die Eigenschaften und Tätigkeiten schildern." Burke is elsewhere assigned to the growing company of the fathers of Romanticism. We note a reference to the "hübschen Artikel des ACADEMY, Bd. LIV, S64." In another note on the same page we find an example of a certain pedantic truculence that occasionally spoils our pleasure—"Hillebrand irrt, wenn er meint . . ." etc., and "Doch überschätzt ihn Held, wenn er . . ." and so weiter!

Ovid and the Renaissance in Spain. By RUDOLPH SCHEVILL. (University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A. \$2.50.)

THE University of California has done much good work of an unobtrusive kind in relation to the lesser phases of classical thought. In the present volume the author, as the result, no doubt, of a very extended series of researches, places before us the effects of the "Ovidian Tale" upon renaissance writings in Spain; he also traces the influence of the "Metamorphoses" upon Spanish mythological writers. The learned author shows in a very convincing manner the enormous influence wielded by the amatory writings of Ovid until as late as the middle of the seventeenth century, when "A more genuine psychology of our human relations and of the motives of our actions guided poets and novelists; love and its manifestations became, in a sense, more reasonable because they were truer to real life, and more original in so far as the art of writing broke with practically every inherited classical tradition. In the change Ovid and his prestige were bound to vanish for ever."

Sonnets from the Trophies of José-Maria de Hérédia. Rendered into English by E. R. TAYLOR. (The Author, San Francisco.)

FROM San Francisco comes the fifth edition of Mr. Taylor's very capable and painstaking version of Hérédia's famous sonnet-sequence. We can have nothing but praise for the zeal and industry which have gone to its making, but Mr. Taylor would be happier if he gave more heed to Dryden's counsel and dwelt less upon the actual words of his original, throwing them ruthlessly into the furnace of his own imagination and giving them back to us completely fused and recast. If we compare his "Church Window" or "Samurai" with Mr. Eugene Mason's superb renderings of the same sonnets, the advantages of freedom in vocabulary are at once seen to be overwhelming. It is true that Hérédia makes great play with words of remote suggestion such as *Togukawa*, *Cipango*, for which some equivalent must be found; but we do not see the advantage of reproducing *nacre*, *saker*, *châtelaines*, *poulaines*, all in a single sonnet as rhymes simply because they so appear in the original, even if, which is exceedingly doubtful, they can be considered as English words at all, for they cannot have the force of suggestion which they carry to a French ear. And what is a "nielloed pax" and a "ring's chaton"? Hérédia tells us, of course, but Mr. Taylor does not.

To have done with our cavilling, a large number of these sonnets are rendered perhaps as perfectly as is possible, and fully reproduce the sonority and exalted paganism of their originals. "Artemis," "The Ravishment of Andromeda," "The Rapier," "The Beautiful Viole," are beautifully turned, while "The Trebia" is completely triumphant. In "Nessus" and the "Centauress" Mr. Taylor has managed to give a noble air to musings so very pagan that they might very easily convey simply an aroma of foulness, were they less deftly handled. In short, the volume is one which no lover of Hérédia can afford to neglect, however much he may regret the translator's occasional lapses into strange jargon, and his equally foreign slighting of both definite and indefinite articles.

"Interpretations and Forecasts: A Study of Survivals and Tendencies in Contemporary Sociology," by Victor Branford, M.A., will be issued by Messrs. Duckworth this month. Its review of social and economic movements, and its attempt to give a sociological interpretation of them detached from partisan points of view and political interests, are in continuation of the author's work for the advancement of sociological science, as one of the founders of the Sociological Society and its first honorary secretary. The author has made arrangements with his publisher by which the profits of the English edition will be for the benefit of the Cities Committee of the Sociological Society.

Fiction

Limelight. By HORACE WYNDHAM. (John Richmond. 6s.)

MR. HORACE WYNDHAM is the well-known author of many successful novels dealing with the stage, the army, matrimony and many other interesting matters. His latest story of the theatrical world is a most entertaining one, and one which describes life in the haunts of mummery as many of us have known it. The characters that appear in his pages are those that anyone may meet there—the aspiring youth and girl, the broken-down actor, the jealous actress, and others of “the profession,” together with the variety-agent and the actor-manager who reserves for himself the best part and the best lines in every play he produces. A couple of years ago THE ACADEMY noticed a work, “The Position of Peggy Harper,” by Leonard Merrick, which treated of the same subject, and it is a curious coincidence that these two authors should have produced novels—irrespective of each other—which run very much on similar lines. The hero and heroine, young aspirants for histrionic honours, first meet at an agent’s office, which, after all, is only natural, but the hero in each story writes a melodrama and has trouble concerning the production of it. Such things no doubt have happened before, as recent lawsuits can testify, and in the words of the Preacher, “there is no new thing under the sun.” There are other resemblances, but probably they are due to the class of people described and the world they move in. Mr. Wyndham appears to have got tired of his story before he reached the end of it, for it runs to but three hundred pages, and finishes rather abruptly; the impecunious hero quite unexpectedly coming into wealth, and he and the heroine quitting the limelight, which had not shone too kindly upon them. Perhaps Mr. Wyndham will tell us in a future volume the fate of Eliot Bingham’s comedy and melodrama which were on the point of being produced at the end of the story.

Blush-Rose. By E. A. VIZETELLY. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

IN issuing “Blush-Rose,” a book based on the French story of Amédée Achard, we are indebted to Mr. Vizetelly for one more romance of war, bloodshed, and stirring events. The original “Belle-Rose,” as M. Achard called his book, we have not read; but Mr. Vizetelly has given us a translation interesting and good in its many details. The troublous and adventurous times of Louis XIV form the period during which Jacques, the son of Guillaume Grinedal, a falconer, leaves his father’s house to seek fame and fortune on the wider field of battle. Courageous, fearless, and honest, the lad wins lasting friends, and, as must

happen to anyone with Jacques’ resolute nature, relentless enemies as well. Many encounters does he pass through, many skirmishes is he concerned with, many duels are fought, and, although on several occasions it seems possible that he will be outwitted or defeated by his enemies, yet does he not give his name to the book, and therefore must he not survive, victorious and triumphant? The passages describing these many exciting incidents are particularly well done, and place Mr. Vizetelly’s story on a much higher level than books of a similar—or as Mr. Vizetelly would say “somewhat similar” (the author makes the word quite irritating, the number of times he uses it)—character. The reader hurries on breathless to know what will happen to the daring fugitives; for it is more often than not as fugitives that “Blush-Rose” and his companions are dashing through France, having incurred the anger or malice of someone in high power.

Love as well as war enters into our hero’s affairs, the two ladies who give their affection into his keeping being women of good social standing and able to aid him in some of his hours of need. One is merely an incident in his career; the other his life-long friend and eventually his wife. Evidently the popular way of embracing at this period is to take the face of the loved one between the hands and then implant the seal of devotion—at least that is the way the demonstration is described many times in the story.

Thanks are due to Mr. Vizetelly for placing within reach of all English readers a good rendering of an interesting French romance, the dramatic rights of which, we understand, have already been applied for.

A Lady of Leisure. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

THERE is about this simple English story of people living in a country rectory, others in Harley Street, and two more belonging to a dressmaking establishment at Battersea, so much that is elusive, so much that is reticent, that the wonderful spell of the whole is not realised until the last page is reached. Miss Sidgwick’s style is excellent; a short phrase, one or two words of description, and the person is before us. The reader knows immediately Violet, the lady of leisure; Margery and Maud, the rector’s daughters; Violet’s mother; Alice, the clever young dressmaker; Dr. Ashwin, Violet’s father; and, in fact, all who in any way figure in the romance. The love between Violet and her father draws them very close to one another, and is all the more intensified by the unloyal behaviour of Mrs. Ashwin, a lovely, regal, and attractive woman. As Violet once said to her friend, “It is of no use talking to me about mother. Mother is divine. I saw father thinking so at the same time as I did. We are all perfect pigmies—grimacing pigmies—compared with her.”

Like some beautiful gentle flower slowly unfolding its petals and as quietly closing them after spreading its perfume around, so the story opens out, gradually releases its charm, and concludes, leaving the reader the happier for having been a witness of the delicate tracery of events and the characters who helped to form them.

Time's Hour Glass. By ALFRED E. CAREY. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

THE Kernel, the 'Old 'Un, and the "Co" went on a walking tour; they encountered Miranda and some others; the "Co," who tells the story, met with adventures of sorts in the course of the book, and the end, apart from John Saumarez's letter—which is as mere epilogue—is as we would have had it. To tell the plot, or a part thereof, were idle, for it is in the characters that we are interested, far more than in their doings.

The Old 'Un's yarns would delight the heart of a Puritan or a Boccaccio, so diverse are his humours; the Kernel is a man of many memories, of the clean, pungent kind that we feel in reading of them. Borrowians will come with pleasure to a book which, without sense of strain or unreality, renders the gipsy dialect correctly and in a way that gives a sight of the true gipsy spirit, and pictures gipsies of to-day with fidelity and insight. It is a book of fresh air and openness; we owe its author a grudge for a few dull pages among its total of nearly four hundred, but we bear witness to the fact that there is sufficient of good in the remainder to outweigh by far the fault of the few. It is an interesting yarn, bearing the marks of clear and wide observation on its author's part.

The Possessed. By FYODOR DOSTOIEFFSKY. From the Russian by CONSTANCE GARNETT. (William Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

OF all Russian novelists, Dostoevsky is perhaps the most characteristic of his country. Tolstoy was always—despite his fantastic repudiation of the fact—an aristocrat. Turgenieff was a cosmopolitan. Gorky represents that spirit of revolt which, at the present time, is common to all countries. But Dostoevsky was pre-eminently the novelist of the Russian people. Unlike his two great rivals, he was Russian alike in the width of his sympathies and in a certain stoical resignation which prevented him from throwing himself whole-heartedly into the movement for the emancipation of the Russian moujik. It was not that he had an insufficiency of imagination. It may easily have been that he saw too clearly. He himself had suffered for his liberal opinions. But he knew how hopelessly

futile was the political anarchy which "advanced" thinkers were trying to foist upon an unwilling populace.

"We did nothing but indulge in the most harmless, agreeable, typically Russian, light-hearted liberal chatter." So he writes in the introductory chapter to "The Possessed," and these words supply the keynote of this great and gloomy book. With infinite, with almost wearisome detail Dostoevsky traces the development of a Nihilist conspiracy in a Russian provincial town. One is impelled to a certain sympathy with the leading protagonist, Nikolay Stavrogin, who commences his career by tweaking the nose of a highly respectable official, and who concludes it by hanging himself; but, for the most part, the reader will find it difficult to avoid sharing the contempt which the novelist obviously feels for these fussy and futile busybodies. The book is written with undeniable power, and there are glimpses here and there of a humour which one seems to miss in such a story as "Crime and Punishment." The attack on Turgenieff—who appears in the second chapter as Karmazinov—is hard to justify, but easy to explain. Dostoevsky had suffered too severely to feel any real sympathy with a writer who launched his polished invective against a system under which thousands were groaning from the secure seclusion of Paris. A word of acknowledgment is due to the excellent translation of Mrs. Garnett, who has laid all English students of Russian fiction under a deep debt of obligation.

The second two of a course of three Cantor Lectures on "Artistic Lithography" will be delivered by Mr. Joseph Pennell at the Royal Society of Arts on Mondays, February 23 and March 2, at 8 p.m. In connection with these lectures a very interesting collection of lithographic prints (including an exhibition by members of the Senefelder Club) will be on free view at the Society's house, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., until Monday, March 2, open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. (Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.). At the last lecture a demonstration of transferring and printing lithographs will be given.

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Unbeaten Tracks

LA BREA.

MANY descriptions have been attempted of the famous Pitch Lake of La Brea. Kingsley's word-picture in "At Last" is too prolix and sententious. If Tom Hood could have spun one of his cobweb "songs" about this ghostly inferno, weaving Indian legend into the fabric of its magic shroud, such song would have conveyed a truer impression than statistics and catalogues of trees. Raleigh ran his little craft ashore there to caulk. According to his masterful creed, tactics signified the art of seizing the nearest weapon and beating your enemy therewith. His mind flew straight to its quarry. Not far away from La Brea a body of Spaniards held a little fort. They appear to have been forgotten by the home authorities and were staling in exile. Raleigh had determined on a dash for the mainland, tempted by the mirage of that El Dorado which ultimately lured him to his doom. It would "have savoured very much of the *asse*," he naively remarks, to leave enemies on his flank. So he promptly smoked out the hornets' nest and wiped the Spaniards out of existence.

Our party went ashore from the little coasting steamer in boats. A dark pall of mephitic vapour lay across the elevated plateau, black and treeless, before us. The asphalt deposit eternally slides seawards, glacier fashion. It bulges up in the bed of the sea, it bubbles and frets inwardly. Could Shakespeare have heard of this weird spot when he penned the famous dialogue between Hotspur and Glendower?

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions.

Skirting the active area (about 100 acres) of the great fermenting vat, there springs up a marvellous vegetation, due to the underground heat, the tropic sun and the heavy rainfall, produced by constantly changing atmospheric tension. Here is "stove heat" *in excelsis*. The succession of crops must be incessant, but under conditions leading to rankness, not perfection. The wild pineapple grows to an unusual size, but, in general, the fruits of the district are flavourless and poor in quality. We trudged a mile or so in steamy heat, like that of the Nepenthes House at Kew Gardens, and then reached a ragged village. The folk were all infected with the apathetic, listless air, so characteristic of the "poor Indian." They squatted in squalor and dirt on their patches of land. Tickle the surface of the ground and it will give you *mañioc* and other lightly-won vegetable foods.

A young Indian came toward us and offered to guide us round the Lake. The man was typical of his race—of the high-cheeked Mongol breed, with a shock of wiry horsehair, a muddy complexion, mouth and nose well cut—almost aristocratic. His most arresting feature was, however, his eyes. These were dark, melting, dreamy. They possessed that peculiar quality to be noted in the eyes of the deer, who watch all

comers with a glance appealing and shy. Our guide's English was good, but occasionally a phrase was used which sounded as if it had been copied out of a book. He spoke slowly, sadly, with excellent articulation. He had evidently received his training in the village school. There seemed no trace of humour in his composition. We tried him with a few jokes, but the business of life for him was apparently a preternaturally solemn affair.

He knew the lake in its every corner. On its fringe grows the *roucou*, from the seed-pods of which is extracted the dye familiar to us in the colour of Dutch cheeses. On the "inky cloak" of the area of so-called "pitch" vegetation comes to an end. We wandered over hummocks and ridges of sticky paste, fizzing with sulphuretted hydrogen. Jets of gas are perpetually squirting out of the surface. Apply a match to one of these and a tiny tongue of flame shoots up for a few seconds; stand still for a moment, you feel yourself sinking, and the impress of your boots will be left on the plastic surface. Handle the stuff and it does not soil your fingers. The Government geologists a few years ago estimated that this black cataract contains four and a half million tons of crude asphalt. The heat of the sun and the stench of the exhalations of gas soon grow oppressive. Runlets of water flow between the ridges of asphalt. We spent a couple of hours on this strange bogland and then told our Indian to guide us back to the village.

There is a legend of this place, a tale of retributive justice, which was recounted a few years back by an aged Indian to Joseph, the historian of Trinidad. It runs as follows: The Chayma tribe once inhabited here. Everything came ready-made to their hands—the fish in the waters, the fruits on the trees, the years in their seasons. Humming birds fluttered over every bush. But the Chaymas, in sheer wantonness, scoffed at the idea that the souls of their ancestors inhabited the jewel-bearers whizzing from flower to flower. They slaughtered the humming-birds wholesale. Then the wrath of the Good Spirit was kindled, and the community of bird-murderers disappeared, swallowed up in the black gulf of pitch, where lie their bones until this day.

We made a circuit back to the Indian village and offered our guide a few coins for his trouble. He was highly indignant at the suggestion. We proffered him the money repeatedly, but he would not listen to anything we had to say, and finally retreated to his cabin, from which he returned with some birds in a home-made wicker cage. Would the present writer accept them? The risks of the voyage impelled us to decline. We told him the birds would surely never reach England. So he retreated again, baffled, and came back with a few Indian trinkets, which we gladly accepted. Then he said: "Would you take me for your servant, sare? I would be very faithful." Visions rose of Pocahontas and the unfortunate exiles brought to Europe by Englishmen and Spaniards. So we told him it was impossible, that our sunless England would kill him off quickly. At this rebuff he was quite shocked. "Have

you no wife and children?" we asked. Oh! yes, he told us, in his quaint, gentle vein, he had a wife and five children, but he would leave them with the neighbours. There would be no difficulty on that score. We had not the heart to speak chaffingly; it was too pathetic; the man was apparently so deeply grieved and disappointed. Then we urged him again to take something from us for all his trouble. Eventually we handed him some little personal trifle, as it was useless to induce him to take money, and so we left him. He had awakened our interest, and we could not shake off the glamour and pathos of those sad, reproachful eyes. What must be the fate of his race? It is a hard saying that it is destined to be hustled out of existence. We have found these folk faithful as dogs, but capable of fierce acts of retribution when treated with European savagery. They have none of the light-heartedness and animal energy of the negro.

One of the great problems of Central and Southern America is the blending of aboriginal races. In the West Indies is a large contingent of East Indian coolies. Physically, these people have a thoroughbred appearance—they are sculptors' models. Their impassivity is amazing. Men squat on the ground and, save for the movement of their eyes, might be taken for clay images. Their ebullitions of fury are, however, volcanic, and wife-murder is common. A few Chinamen are to be noted. With the odd cynicism of their race, they seem to be for ever regarding life as a practical joke. But the Indian is a strain of humanity which must surely have sprung from an untainted source of supreme antiquity. Half the qualities of "civilised" races appear to be left out of his composition. It is for that reason that outrages, such as those of Putumayo, loom up in such revolting colours. A mild, harmless race, appealing for protection and pity, has there, as for the thousandth time, been treated with ruthless savagery. No punishment could expiate so vile an offence.

A. E. CAREY.

The Plague of Pictures

BY ALFRED BERLYN

OUR conventional moral censors are led hopelessly astray by that queer British sex-obsession which causes them to be eternally scenting degeneracy in the latest vagaries of the fashion-plate, the ballroom, and the variety theatre. As a matter of fact, the dominant vice of the present generation of English people has nothing whatever to do with the Seventh Commandment or the special affairs of Mrs. Grundy. It is, in plain words, the vice of intense and incorrigible mental laziness. Their demand is for freedom from intellectual exertion at all costs, and to induce them to take a sustained interest in anything that really matters becomes more and more difficult. Politicians bewail the public apathy in relation to questions of

the gravest national and imperial moment; theologians are baffled by the sheer inertia which evades the trouble of accepting or rejecting a creed with the vague postulate that one form of faith is probably, on the whole, as good as another; leaders of movements, and pioneers of new departures in art, in literature, and in the theatre, find only a select few with sufficient energy of mind either to support or controvert their views. To form definite opinions on any subject under the sun involves the exercise of thought; and to be spared the trouble of thinking has apparently become the supreme desire of the average twentieth century Briton.

Nothing, not even the breathless rush of modern life, can have done much more to encourage this mental atrophy than the rise and progress of the popular illustrated newspaper; not the paper that merely includes illustrations among its contents—they all do that nowadays—but the daily journal, professedly of current news, which is before all things a picture-paper. A few years ago, such a thing was unknown; to-day, papers of this kind circulate by hundreds of thousands, and by a vast number of readers are regarded not as adjuncts to, but as welcome substitutes for, the ordinary newspaper—which means that they have become, for very many people, the sole channels of daily information about public affairs and current events. To look at the pictures seems to involve almost as much mental effort as their patrons are willing to expend in gathering the news of the day; so the pictures are all-pervading, and the letterpress is reduced to a minimum. But even that is not the worst; for it invariably happens that, in the presentation of this illustrated news, the degree of prominence is regulated by the pictorial value or sensational effectiveness of its several items, rather than by their intrinsic importance. Thus, a bazaar or a boxing-match, the latest jewel robbery, or the last new thing in negroid dance-measures, is likely to receive far more attention than many an event affecting the welfare of an empire or the peace of a continent. Small wonder that those who depend entirely upon the picture-paper for their intelligence—in either meaning of the word—are apt to lose their sense of proportion, and with it the faculty of interesting themselves duly in the things that matter.

This prevailing laziness of mind, of which the latter-day craze for perpetually looking on at other people's games and sports is another of many symptoms, has also, no doubt, been pandered to by the snippety journals of "bits" and "cuts," so profusely provided for the modern multitude. But it has gained its crowning satisfaction in the now ubiquitous picture-palaces in which those who crave entertainment wholly divorced from mental effort find their earthly paradise. Even the crudest type of popular fiction demands from its readers a certain measure of concentration; the spectators of "the pictures," assisted by the terse running commentaries flashed at intervals upon the screen, are absolved from the trouble of exercising their minds at all. And so it comes about that these places are little gold-mines, and that they continue to multiply

at an amazing rate in every city and town in the kingdom.

A great deal of cant has been talked, in this connection, about the value of the cinematograph as an educational instrument. No one would be so stupid as to deny that its possibilities as a popular educator are, in theory, very considerable. But the most casual study of the programme of the average picture-theatre—apart from a few ambitious West End houses which draw their patronage from a more select and cultivated class—will suffice to show to what extent the appeal to intelligence enters into the scheme of those who exploit the film as a vehicle of public amusement. There may be an occasional pictorial version of some famous novel, or even—to the undisguised boredom of the majority of spectators—an attempt to illustrate some story from the ancient classics, by way of giving an air of comprehensiveness and a suggestion of "tone" to the programme. But the items which provide the bulk of the entertainment, and upon which its unlimited powers of attraction depend, are furnished in fairly equal proportions by sensational stories of crime, mawkishly sentimental domestic drama, Far Western "cowboy" romance, with revolver practice *ad libitum*, rough-and-tumble buffoonery, and illustrations of topical events—these last being, to all intents and purposes, the "picture-paper" over again in an animated and consequently far more seductive form. It would, of course, be absurd to find fault with the people who run these places on the score of the class of entertainment that they provide. As commercial dealers in amusement, it is their business to discover what their customers want and to supply it. But that the majority of their "shows" give much suggestion of their value as an educational medium, it would need a rare degree of moral hardihood to pretend.

There is no need to over-emphasise what has been said of late about the influence upon young and impressionable minds of the criminal and sensation-stories which these picture-theatres illustrate so freely, though the possibilities of harm from this source cannot wholly be ignored. But it is far from reassuring to learn that not only the public libraries but even the technical evening schools are being adversely affected, as regards attendance, by the lure of "the pictures." If the disastrous inertness of mind that is betrayed by this readiness to grasp at shadows and lose the substance is not checked in time, the present picture-epidemic may prove, in the long run, a deadlier scourge to its victims than any of the plagues of ancient Egypt.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week "Napoleon at Bay," by F. Loraine Petre, author of "Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany," with maps and plans, at 10s. 6d. net. This volume, the fifth of the author's studies of Napoleonic campaigns, shows Napoleon after the disastrous campaign in Germany, left to stand at bay in defence of a sovereignty reduced by the natural limits of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees.

Music

PEOPLE have been asking, "Who was Méhul, and what in the world do we want with an opera about Joseph, especially as it appears that Mme. Potiphar is never brought in at all?" It is easy to answer one question, by saying that there are two songs in the opera which every young lady used to learn in the days before Schumann's songs became the "right thing"; that the Overture to "Joseph" not infrequently appeared in old-fashioned programmes, and that a few years ago the opera was revived in Paris, when it won a very fair *succès de curiosité*. But it is not so easy to say what the directors of Covent Garden think that the British public wants with "Joseph." They must know by this time that we take little or no interest in Opera, and do not care a brass farthing to go and see a particular opera merely because it has a definite place in the history of Music Drama. In France and Italy and Germany the people delight in Opera, and welcome opportunities of making acquaintance with it in all its manifestations. They would not need to be told about Méhul's masterpiece; they would not inquire if it were likely to please them; but they would go to find out for themselves. Had we such a public in London, the production of "Joseph" would require no explanation. It would have seemed perfectly natural, and a wise policy, to present something in strong relief to "Parsifal," "Tristan," etc. To a musical epicure there would have been something delightfully piquant in the delicately archaic flavour of Méhul after and before the rich seasonings of Wagner. But musical epicures are rare in London, and "Joseph" has been given to small and but languidly interested audiences. We have heard it once, and are quite ready to hear it again. It is not necessary to be excited every time one goes to the Opera, and the tranquil flow of Méhul's music, which now carries your mind back to Gluck, now forward to Mendelssohn, which sometimes makes you think of Mozart and sometimes of Grétry, though it is not exciting, is never dull. Gracious melody is here in plenty, and there is a definite charm about the prim formality of the designs. The performance under Mr. Percy Pitt was very fair indeed, and Herr Paul Bender's study of old Jacob deserved to be seen and admired by a much wider circle than it was.

But even "Tristan," at any rate on the evening when we were there, had not brought together the overflowing audience which once it would have ensured. Yet was it in some respects the finest performance enjoyed by us since the days of Ternina and Van Dyck at his best. Mme. Van der Osten sings the music of Isolde superbly with that glorious voice of hers. Not even in the most trying moments of the second act did she stop singing and begin shouting, as is the custom of most Isoldees. Every note was round and sweet, and the *pianissimo* with which this splendid artist began the Death Song was startling in its excellence. Christine Nilsson could whisper like that, and hold the audience breathless. Mme. Van der Osten is not a

great actress in the sense that Nilsson and Ternina were, but she rose to an impressive height in that last scene, and we left the theatre ranking her with the greatest Isolde we have seen. Then, too, we had Mr. Coates directing the fine orchestra splendidly, though adopting, in certain passages, a slower *tempo* than that which we prefer: we had Herr Knüpfer to make King Mark bearable, Herr Platschke as a very fine-voiced Kurvenal, and a Tristan who was new to us, Herr Urlus. We preserve unforgettable memories of this artist as a singer of Bach in Holland and Germany, but had never heard him in Opera. His voice is small for Covent Garden and for the part of Tristan, but this fact interfered hardly at all with our enjoyment of his extremely refined and beautiful singing. It is a very rare experience to listen to a Tristan who sings in so musician-like a style. It might be urged that he was lyric rather than dramatic. But the surprise of hearing those oft-shouted passages vocalised properly was a delightful one, and we are impatient to hear Mme. Van der Osten and Herr Urlus together again.

There has been some good, and in one case some surprising, piano-playing. One has never listened to Mr. Leonard Borwick without knowing that a gentleman and a musician was at the instrument. But the delight he has given us has been as that of a scholar reading Conington's Virgil rather than as that of a lover hearing his mistress's voice after a separation. We had not suspected Mr. Borwick of being what we now know him to be, one of the two or three best players of Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit," especially in "Le Gibet." His playing was astonishing in its combination of vividness and mystery. If one can imagine etchings by Whistler after Monticelli, there would be something of a parallel there. But when, the following week, Mr. Borwick undertook the "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales" of Ravel, he was less successful, for, although he defined his phrases well enough to stamp them clearly on the hearer's mind, he did not bring out the rhythm of each piece so as to make clear the perfection of its form. It may be that Ravel's orchestration of these pieces has spoilt one's ear for them in their original form, but whether that be the case or not, they are not so "impressionistic" as Mr. Borwick made them appear. His arrangement of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" so that it sounded as if played on a fine harpsichord was deliciously clever, and the command of an equal tone which it enabled him to display was, we must say, phenomenal.

M. Lhevinne is a player to be enjoyed for his beautiful tone and his freedom from exaggerations and mannerisms, while M. Cortot, who played at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, though not by any means a Pugno, as has been rashly suggested, is distinctly among the finer pianists of to-day. In the last movement of Schumann's Concerto his playing of the passage work was admirable, and made amends for an undue sentimentalism and trickiness which had been disturbing elements in the first and second. Stravinsky's "Fireworks" proved to be

as brilliant as it was short, and in the representation of such noises, and we will also say such silences, as accompany a display of fireworks, it was gramophonic. Debussy's "Feux d'artifices" is just as clever, but the orchestra can whizz and explode better than a piano, and can convey the effect on the mind of white lights in a curiously illustrative way.

An enormous audience came to the Symphony Orchestra's concert to hear the last of Herr Steinbach's Brahms. A politician, who sat near us, objected that the eminent conductor's appearance reminded him forcibly of that of Mr. Lloyd George, and said that, had not Mr. Hubermann put him into a good temper by certain exquisite things which he did in the Violin Concerto, he would not have been able to sit through the 2nd Symphony. Such a sensitive being is an amateur musician! He should have voted warm thanks to the violinist, not only for some beautiful playing, but for the soothing effect which enabled him to hear Steinbach in the Symphony. Here were no irritating methods, at any rate, though in Beethoven's "Pastoral" the conductor had dealt with some of the themes in the dictatorial way which the Chancellor applies principally to dukes, and he had attempted more than once to be very firm with Mr. Hubermann.

The Theatre

"Follow the Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre

THERE is something of a new departure in this latest production under the management of Mr. George Edwardes. If to rename the entertainment that had come to be called musical comedy "revusical comedy" was not a very brilliant touch, to give six scenes instead of two was a reversion to type and certainly an improvement; to import new comedians and ladies to the Gaiety a stroke of that kind of genius which has been effected more than once before.

The action and songs of the first two scenes, the Bois, in Paris, and the Customs House, on the Belgian Frontier, were rather dull and indistinct. One noticed that the main differences between the thing that is called revusical and the revue as it is in London was the lack of an explanatory programme for the former, which would have helped one to know just what was happening and by whom the happening was caused. But by the time we arrived at the second act, and the fine scene of Buda-Pesth, the audience appeared to have entered into the spirit of the affair, and the old Gaiety atmosphere was established and every trifle of wit or attempted humour was snatched at with avidity and applauded with hearty determination.

There can be no doubt that "Follow the Girl," absolutely unconvincing and far-fetched as it is, will be an immense success. Mr. Paul Rubens has not

spared himself in the effort to make his music and lyrics amusing and attractive; the result is a riot of colour, sound, girls, comedians, and gaiety. Each night will see an improvement in the entertainment, for at present the producer, Mr. Malone, is a little too generous, and while some of the thirty-six characters in the cast have nothing to do, others are rather over-worked.

Miss Isobel Elsom is a lively, young and beautiful heroine, Doris, daughter of a rich American, Mr. Pitt, who is represented after a fashion with which we are all gladly familiar, by the engaging Mr. Lew Hearn. Although Miss Elsom's voice does not appear to be of the quality suited to a large theatre, she is so bright and pretty and high-spirited as Doris that she is very welcome. Returning from school, she has spoken to the gay hero on a railway platform, loses the train, and then returns and gets into trouble with her stepmother. After that she flies across Europe as the girl after whom all the other characters career in vain. There is something about her being confused with a racehorse of the same name, but you would rather we did not go into that, as the joke, if it is one, has been used up before and does not matter in the least.

The main point is that Doris has school friends in Paris, Belgium, Amsterdam, Buda Pesth—here, especially—at Berlin, and probably at the Carlton Hotel, London, where the last scene takes place, and where the girl who was so elaborately followed is reunited to her lover and her family amid the liveliest music and most brilliant scenery, amongst the most beautiful people in the sweetest dresses ever seen, even on the Gaiety Stage. Add to this the fun of Mr. Clifton Crawford, as Freddy Charlston, who caused all the trouble by the awful sin of speaking to Doris at a railway station; the delicious humour of Mr. Lew Hearn as an American husband who has married, secondly, his French cook, Mlle. Caumont—a perfect comedian—and add still further the delicate fun of Miss Mabel Sealby, the ripe, gay manner of Mr. Volpé, in a not obviously well-written character, and the general beauty and jollity of the chorus, the swing of the amusing dances, and, over all, the glamour of the popular, bright music—the best that Mr. Rubens has given us so far. Then you can reconstruct the latest Gaiety success, an entertainment which will delight people from the ends of the earth for many months to come.

"Thank Your Ladyship" at the Playhouse

THIS is an amusing essay in the graceful art of making a new and original comedy rather than an accomplished piece of work. But even the tentative qualities are highly interesting; the failures now and then to make good early promises do not disturb us very much; above all, Mr. Norreys Connell's attempt provides some curious artificial characters for Miss

Marie Tempest, Mr. O. B. Clarence, and Mr. Graham Browne.

The Earl of Havant is the broadest possible caricature of an example of our old nobility who is driven frantic by the mere mention of the name of Lloyd George—a gentleman who, as a source of humour, has already been exploited to the ultimate point of boredom. Nevertheless, he has to serve in the present comedy, and thus a sort of villain of the piece is called Lord George Lackland. Lord George's mother is spoken of as Lady Lackland, and it is one of the many quaint points about this bearer of a courtesy title that his family name appears to be the same as that of the family peerage. Of course, this is not impossible, but it is unusual. There are other curious points. He is a fortune-hunter who does not trouble himself to find out the will of the late husband of the widow he proposes to marry for her money. What is that department of Somerset House for? He is so completely stupid a cad that he is ready to make love to the widow's friend, Sophia, under her eyes at a moment's notice. Of course, these little things in the affairs of Lord George, which is supposed to sound like Lloyd George, would not matter if the whole amused. The worst of it is that his name constantly being mistaken by Lord Havant for that of the critic of dukes soon becomes a deadly dull piece of business.

But at the Playhouse Miss Marie Tempest is the great attraction, and she is by no means badly fitted as Lady Sophia Flete, the middle-aged, only child of the Earl of Havant, who has been loved many times for her fortune and, we should imagine, for her gaiety, and now loves a young footman, Sempill, who is made a very agreeable person with a neat way of saying "Thank your ladyship," by Mr. Graham Browne. Some people have thought of Fielding and his Lady Booby in this connection, but nothing could be further from Mr. Connell's scheme of comedy. It is true such names as Lackland for a penniless Guardsman and Flete for a lady who is a little rapid have a certain eighteenth century smack about them, but to confound the genius of Fielding with the original, if rather vague, quality of Mr. Connell's work is to insult both. Lady Sophia loves Sempill, and Lackland, played by Mr. Ben Webster, tries to get rid of him, and Lord Havant is eventually delighted to give his consent to her marriage with a very agreeable servant because he thinks Sempill has knocked down Lloyd George. That is all, except that there are a thousand whimsical fancies interwoven in the development of the story, many of which are slightly irrelevant, but none the less freakish and stimulating even when they do not help the characterisation of the play. Finally, Miss Tempest looks as spirited and alive as ever; she extracts every ounce of humour out of Lady Sophia, and she dresses her, or rather Hayward and Lucile do, with exquisite effect. Mr. Clarence has an absurd and inhuman part, but he does wonders with it. The unfortunate widowed lady, who is jilted by Lord George because she loses so much of her income on re-marrying, is made the best of by Miss

Kate Sergeantson, and Mr. Webster has a struggle with the part of Lackland—but the actor does not win. Mr. Graham Browne plays with infinite tact the character of Sempill. His is a rather unreal piece of work, occasionally clever and amusing; we fear the same may be said of the comedy as a whole.

A FABLE BY MR. HAROLD CHAPIN.

It is refreshing to find this admirable producer and writer in some other character than that of actor. In his one-act play, "Dropping the Baby," which forms the prelude to "Thank Your Ladyship," Mr. Chapin is at his best. The two scenes are on the plains of Scythia on a pleasant evening and a sunny morning ten thousand years ago. Thus we are dealing with elemental things, but they are stated with a gay touch of modernity. In the family circle of Zee Ol, Mr. Horton Cooper, his daughter Nali, Miss Cavanagh, has a cup given to her, in which sand is mixed with the water. This is because the young man Cheeckoo, Mr. Norman Loring, has found a treasure, and, holding it tightly, can only use one hand to get water. Nali cannot bear the situation. She transgresses all tradition, lays down her baby for a time, works for herself and her family, and transforms life as it was lived on the plains of Scythia ten thousand years ago. Those who run to the Playhouse may read the fable as they will; anyhow, they will be interested, and see the short play acted with considerable skill and charm.

"Helen with the High Hand" at the Vaudeville Theatre

To the devout student of Mr. Arnold Bennett's more engaging novels there is a particular pleasure in seeing them translated into stage plays. There will generally be something more than we could wish for, something we could wish away. But Mr. Richard Pryce has done his adaptation with so much skill and taste that one has nothing to do but praise the result.

You know the story, of course. Miss Nancy Price gives us an effective and all-conquering Helen, but it is a Helen of a sly hand rather than of a high one. The reduction of her rich, old, miserly great-step-uncle, James Ollerenshaw, played to perfection by Mr. Norman McKinnel, her lesser victories over his servant, over the lady who had thoughts of marrying him, and her great triumph over the man she loves, who is here called Andrew Wilbram—the family is famous in the Five Towns—these conquests are carried out with more subtlety than the title suggests. The fact of the matter is that the various actions of Helen Rathbone, which seem so natural and convincing in Mr. Bennett's book, are not so simple a matter when the forms of the drama have to be used. And thus Miss Nancy Price appears just a wee bit of a schemer and sly-boots, a perfectly honest Becky taken far from Vanity Fair and brought up to date at Bursley.

The comedy of the first scene is slow, but

one is shown something of the quality of Helen and a good deal of the character of Ollerenshaw. The battle of these two wits begins in leisurely fashion, but advances with admirable effect.

The second act develops the story very amusingly, and we know that however much Wilbram may engage himself to Helen's little friend, Lilian, and whatever quarrels the uncle and niece may indulge in, all will come right and Helen will have her way—which is, possibly the best way. Clash as the three principal personages of the play may, they really all want the same thing if their pride will permit them to find a way to adjust matters. Love does that for Helen and her Andrew; fear—of an all too gracious widow lady—does it for the great-step-uncle.

But as with many of Mr. Bennett's works, the plot is not the thing that matters; it is, rather, the dry, subtle humour, not exactly of the usual stage brand, but excellently fitted to the uses of the theatre by Mr. Pryce's adaptation. Of the acting, nothing but good can be said. As is usual under this management, all the minor parts are splendidly played. Such a character as Mrs. Butt, the servant Helen gets rid of and Ollerenshaw wished to go, although she only appears for a few minutes, is made life-like by Miss Agnes Hill. Of course, the character of the widow, Mrs. Prockter, is easily within the skill of Miss Rosina Filippi, who endows her impersonation with the personal quality of her exquisite art. Emanuel Prockter, everyone's victim, is well given by Mr. Henry Hargreaves; and Lilian Swetnam, who means to console him, is made a very lively and true personage by Miss Mièle Maund.

Mr. Norman Trevor, as the rude Andrew Wilbram, has not much chance in the earlier stages of the play, but his proposal to Helen, when he shakes her consent out of her, as it were, is very convincing. Mr. McKinnel has put aside his slowness of style, and makes the old uncle the very man that we believe Mr. Bennett knew or imagined. He has seldom been seen to greater advantage. The Helen of Miss Price is a cunning piece of art which every lover of the stage will like to see more than once.

The Vaudeville Theatre has not of late been too fortunate, but we think that with so agreeable a comedy, so finely acted, it should prosper for many a day to come.

The Incorporated Stage Society at the Haymarket Theatre

AMONG the many performances which this association has given us, that of last Monday was the most lively and charmingly presented which we have seen. Primarily we are indebted for this to M. Anatole France; secondly, to Mr. Ashley Dukes, who has translated the delicate and inspired French into telling English phrases; and then we owe no end of thanks to the clever and charming players and to the accom-

plished producer, and no doubt to some dozen other people who helped forward the merry entertainment.

"AU PETIT BONHEUR"

is a comedy in one act, which you probably know in French and believe too delicate to be transplanted to our rough-hewn British stage and English methods. But Mr. Dukes has succeeded where many might have failed.

With Miss Miriam Lewes as Germaine, the widow of society who makes experiments—from 5 to 7 o'clock—in the soul of man, and Miss Madge McIntosh as Cécile, the normal wife—who is wise and quick-witted—and with the excellent aid of Mr. Claude King as Nalége and Mr. Malcolm Cherry as Paul Chambry, with all these and his own skill the translator gives us a delightful, if utterly unconventional, play, which should soon be seen in an evening bill. When it is thus produced it will be difficult to get the same cast together, no doubt; but we trust we may see Miss Lewes again, for we feel that much of the charm of "Au Petit Bonheur," in its English dress, arises from her characterisation of the alluring Germaine.

But that view is perhaps hardly fair to Mr. Dukes, who shows his infinite skill again in the second play,

"THE COMEDY OF THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE."

Owing to a trifling difficulty about the Society's rule that one must not be allowed to enter the theatre a moment after the curtain has gone up, we were unable to see the second act of this clever work, in which Mr. Rudge Harding gave so convincing a performance. But now that Mr. Dukes has made these two plays so agreeable to English audiences we have no doubt that we shall soon have an opportunity of seeing the comedy, as well as "Au Petit Bonheur," in an evening bill.

EGAN MEW.

Some Magazines

THE most entertaining item in *Harper's Magazine* for this month is "The Too Adaptable American," by Sydney Brooks; it is suggestive, too, and points out admirably the methods adopted by the American abroad to fall in with the customs of the country. The contrast between the English and the American in the French hotel is exceedingly well drawn. A fine travel article opens this number, "Through the Heart of the Surinam Jungle," by C. W. Furlong, and a good "home-travel" contribution is "A Philosopher in Central Park," by Edward Martin.

The *Windsor* begins well with an amusing "Comedy of Styles," by E. F. Benson—a skating story—and has another long instalment of Sir Rider Haggard's novel, "The Holy Flower." A short story by Eden Phillpotts and an article on "The Art of Phil R. Morris, A.R.A.," are other good features of a full number. In both these magazines the illustrations are on a very high level.

In *United Empire* the "Master-BUILDER" this month is Lord Charles Somerset (1767-1831), Governor of Cape Colony. A capital account of a farm school in Western Australia is given by Kingsley Fairbridge under the title of "Child Emigration: An Experiment," and there are many other articles of great interest.

The *Review of Reviews* for Australasia (January) shows a steady improvement; its pictures are better, and its letterpress is more satisfactorily arranged. It forms, now that it has overcome preliminary difficulties, an attractive summary of events and literature which must soon become invaluable to our friends "down under."

We have received the opening numbers of *The Champion*, a new magazine for boys. If it does not quite win a place corresponding to that of the "B.O.P.," it is still a capital venture, with stories and many special features that are bound to make a wide appeal.

The *Poetry Review* has a very good February issue. The editor leads off with a note on "The Decay of English Verse Satire"; Mr. John Helston discusses "Poetry and the Man in the Street"; there is a short and rather weak article on Mr. A. C. Benson's poetry, a lecture on Eurhythmics by Dr. Hulbert, and a selection of reviews and verse. Mr. Acton Bond contributes a capital article on "The Amateur and Shakespeare," dealing particularly with the British Empire Shakespeare Society, of which he is so indispensable a member.

Notes for Collectors

DRESSES OF THE LAST TWO CENTURIES

ALTHOUGH the catalogues on our desk fore-shadow some twenty sales, at which many charming examples of old-fashioned arts—furniture, silver, paintings, and books—are to change hands, one very rarely sees any examples of antique costumes offered for sale. It seems that these historic and often beautiful examples of a kind of workmanship long passed have to be gathered together, piece by piece, and sought with infinite care and watched and tended. For they are often very delicate and liable to discoloration. But the quest is worthy of the labour, and many who have begun to collect in a casual way for costume dances and that sort of thing have eventually become very devout in the matter.

The fashions of our ancestors form an index to a thousand branches of the hobby of collecting.* The study of costume, which has widened so greatly of late years, is invaluable to all who would recreate the decorative setting in any period of the past. Although we believe no fashion in dress ever returns to us exactly as it originally appeared, the whirligig

* "Old English Costumes," a Sequence of Fashions through the 18th and 19th Centuries. (Harrods. 2s. 6d. net.)

of Time brings round, at least every hundred years, something very like the far-off modes of three or four generations before.

Among the collectors of dresses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the well-known artist, Mr. Talbot Hughes, has been particularly fortunate; fortunate, also, is the Victoria and Albert Museum, which has recently received this sequence of examples of past fashions from Messrs. Harrod, who have bought the collection from the artist and presented it to the beautiful galleries at South Kensington.

If we may quote Mr. Austin Dobson and say—

Assume that we are friends. Assume

A common taste for old costume,—

Old pictures,—books. Then dream us sitting—

Us two—in some soft-lighted room.

we can also say that the portfolio of pictures, which Messrs. Harrod send us, representing people of suitable type dressed in the old costumes, will fill a quiet hour with pleasure and information.

To these pictures is added an admirable preface by Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, the Director at South Kensington, and a full and gaily written account of the dresses, the sort of people who wore them, and the times in which they were fashionable, by that excellent authority on the subject, Mr. Philip Gibbs, reprinted from the *Connoisseur*.

Although the present volume begins with specimens of the eighteenth century, the collection itself deals historically from the time of the first of the Stuart kings in England. One may see at a glance the character of costume at the Court of James I, and the styles that were in vogue at Whitehall when Charles II was king. The beauties that Sir Peter Lely flattered have had many of their fine, and fashionably free, gowns preserved for our entertainment, so on through the generations until the mid-Victorian period, when the present delightful book ends with a plain dress of graceful character in bright blue silk (1860-1870), such as Sir John Millais might have painted. To us, whatever happens to be the fashion of the moment is always agreeable, but we own there are many specimens in the Talbot Hughes collection that make us think with pleasure of "days that are over, dreams that are done."

E. M.

Two Exhibitions

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

NOT a little interest attaches to the Memorial Exhibition of the work of the late Sir Alfred East, now on view at the Leicester Galleries. Once again it brings us face to face with the difficult question—what was the secret of the attraction of the popular artists of the last two generations? How was it that this man of seemingly few ideas and obvious limitations of *technique* could win the reputation which he did, and the ungrudging praise of not a few critics whose praise was best worth having?

The finest work exhibited is, to our mind, the collection of etchings. Here Sir Alfred's gifts of simplicity and directness find full play; and, though he seldom

rises to extraordinary heights, he displays more sense of atmosphere and variety than appears in his pictures. Yet even among these there is little to arouse enthusiasm. They are the work of a master-craftsman, perhaps, who loved his craft, but in them is no touch of inspiration. Coming to the water-colours, we find an all but unbroken monotony of grey-green trees and still waters. Nature, it would seem, presented itself to him in but few aspects. When he was not in the grey-green vein, he revelled in rather crude autumn effects expressed by a particular orange tint which became characteristic; and sometimes he would bathe in the same golden hue Spanish hillsides and cathedral towers suffused with the tints of sunset. In a third phase he would portray gaily coloured crowds in the dazzling sunlight of Spanish midday. This contains some of his cleverest and most original efforts, and here at times he shows a magical touch which almost brings him into the ranks of the artists. In oil-colours he displays much the same ideals and characteristics, except that in this medium his touch is a good deal harder, and his colours more inclined to crudity. There are not a few living men who are doing equally good work, and some who are doing better work, without recognition. The recognition that Sir Alfred East won was fairly earned, so far as hard labour and a lovable personality could earn it; but these qualities are not sufficient to carry a man into the ranks of the immortals.

Mr. Gosse's prefatory notice sketches an indomitable toiler, and one whose success was the reward of labour. Born at Kettering in 1849, the youngest of the eleven children of a man engaged in the local boot industry, he showed a precocious bent for drawing and painting. Except that he was forbidden to draw on Sunday his tendencies were encouraged, although it was considered ridiculous to suppose that he could earn a living by art. So he followed his brothers into the shoe-factory, keeping his drawing for leisure hours. Next he drifted to Glasgow, where he attended a school of art, and married the lady who survives him. He went to Paris and Barbizon, and thenceforward made art his profession. In 1883 he attained his first success in the Royal Academy, and in the following year settled in Hampstead. Thenceforward his triumph was unbroken. He wandered about the world, and sketched in Egypt, Ceylon, Japan, and Southern Europe. Friends sprang up on every hand, not a few of them in America, and his last years were as happy as any mortal could wish. He was saturated with love for his craft, and the marvel is that he never touched higher levels. He leaves behind him a pleasant memory of a good man and conscientious worker, and the tragedy of what seems to us a failure that he was fortunate enough never to realise.

THE BAILLIE GALLERIES

The exhibition of Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's pictures at the Baillie Galleries is exceedingly striking. Mr. Dewhurst challenges attention at once as a "child of the open air." His pictures have been almost all painted in the open, and they palpitate with atmosphere and that sense of endless variety which marks a close acquaint-

ance with nature. He has been described as an Impressionist, an imitator of Manet and Monet and Dégas *et hoc genus omne*, and it is true that he reproduces not a few of their characteristics and principles. But we have his word for it that he attained his methods independently, before he had seen their work, and his pictures bear testimony to the fact. The "illusion" with which some critics reproach him seems to us merely the "illusion" of truth. His colours are built up of myriad separated portions of the spectrum, which at close quarters look hopeless, but, seen from the right distance, suddenly blend into the absolute truth of nature.

Coming to particular pictures, we find some difficulty in making a selection. Our catalogue is covered with notes of which but a very small fraction can be expressed in the space at our command. La Creuse supplies the majority of the larger subjects. He paints it under all manner of effects. We have a magnificent Sunset over the ruins (7); Sunrise, over the same scene (18); Haytime, in the same valley (6); Heather-time in the Valley (17), and many others. Every effect is rendered with astonishing subtlety, combined with the brilliance which would be crude, did it not stop short of the danger exactly at the right moment. Atmosphere is everywhere, and there is no escaping from it. The rocks that tower above the torrent skirting the church-crowned hill on which the village stands, and the ruins that top the neighbouring heights, are wonderfully rendered under the changing aspects of time and season; in the Sunrise picture the first rays touch with gold and magic the foreground slope; in the Heather-time royal purple clothes the hills, and peeps among the rocks, with shadows of velvet depth; and the glory of apple-blossom was never more winningly expressed than in the painting of that name (4).

A fine series of pictures displaying powers of a somewhat different order is that which illustrates the great formal gardens of the Grand Trianon and Versailles generally. Some of these are earlier works, and give wide vistas of rectangular lawns, and bedding flowers banked up against stiff yew hedges, always with a fine sense of distance and atmosphere which modifies the stiffness of the arrangement. But far better are the later studies of dark trees touched with the gold of autumn, hanging over ghostly pools and fountains, and statues showing dim against deep, purple water and dark, rich shadows. The effect of stateliness and mystery combined could hardly have been better produced, and testify to the strong imagination as well as to the technical skill which gives it thus forceful expression. Besides these are many clever pastel and other sketches, rendering brilliant effects of light and landscape at all seasons and in many lands; but we cannot stay to consider them in detail. The gallery will repay more than one visit. Mr. Dewhurst is an artist with a definite individuality, who is not afraid to give his independence full play. He puts you off with no tricks and mannerisms which may impose on the crowd, and might even lead to a popular success, but which would certainly obscure the message which is his to deliver.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

WEDNESDAY, the 11th, was the second day of battle. The back-bench Opposition men had vowed that they would make Parliamentary Government impossible unless Asquith plainly stated what he was prepared to do. In a speech of wonderful dexterity he used the King's Speech as a plea for time and conciliation. In effect he said, "Let the finance of the country be carried, and in six weeks' time I will put my proposals before you. I admit the initiative is with the Government, and I will then make an offer." In obedience to their leaders, the Unionist back-benchers kept quiet, but they have been sorely tried.

If there is one thing the Radical Party did not care tuppence about last year, or the year before, it was finance. They brought in their Budgets after they had spent half the money, and as late as they could with any decency—or rather without any decency at all. And now they ask us to sit quiet and vote supplies, and, when they get them, they will put forward a proposal which we may not be willing or able to accept. They will have got all they wanted, and can then snap their fingers at us. Carson in a splendid speech smote them hip and thigh. He struck the right note when he said, "The Government is just manœuvring for position"; but he did not follow it up, as we all expected, by saying, "We need not decide at once, but you must know, after all this delay, what you intend to do. Tell us what your plans are at the conclusion of the debate on the Address, so that we may know where we are; or, if not, we will not allow the Government to go on." For some good reason this was never said, but he went on: "You put to us whether we will be bound by a general election. Why do you never put the same question to the Nationalists?" The Government were silent.

John Redmond got up next and tried to prove how small the minority in Ireland was. He spoke smoothly, and ended up by declaring "that he would cut his tongue out rather than say one single word in support of Home Rule if he thought it would mean the slightest injury to the lives, persons, property, or religious convictions of any section of his people." James Craig, we thought, was coming nearer the point when he said: "The people of Ulster are being tricked and humbugged by the swindlers who sit on the Government bench"; but he was cut short by the Speaker, and, to the surprise of some of us, meekly apologised.

Augustine Birrell made an amusing speech, but not worthy of a great occasion. He had never said anything in the House or out of it which he had not had to explain. "If I have said anything to wound the feelings of any Ulsterman, I heartily apologise for it," he observed, and added handsomely, "I am aware I am not qualified to occupy the position I do," and the Unionists unhandsomely assented with cheers which seemed to surprise him. He had been abused in all directions—only that morning he had received an

anonymous postcard from Ulster, accusing him of having two daughters in a convent in Ireland. "I have no daughters, I am sorry to say," he announced quaintly, and added, as a sop to Protestantism, "If I had, I would sooner see them happily married than in any convent."

Lloyd George for once was dull, but he declared that "Anyway, we are not going to quail before threats of violence." Bonar Law wound up the debate, but again the expected threat did not come. Without a note he made a telling speech which enhanced his position as leader, and solemnly warned the Government, "If you go on, there must be bloodshed. If that happens, your party will not be defeated, it will be annihilated." We expected to be beaten by 95, but to our surprise the majority was only 78. Every man in our party was accounted for, so the defections must have been on the side of the Coalition.

On Thursday the second amendment to the Address was taken. The Labour men wanted the Government to instruct Lord Gladstone not to sign the Indemnity Bill until there had been a judicial inquiry into the whole affair of the deportation of the strike leaders from South Africa. Their position was peculiarly awkward. They supported self-government in Ireland; they had voted for self-government in South Africa; and now they wanted to interfere at the first opportunity. Ramsay MacDonald is a fierce leader in the country, but he is very small potatoes in the House of Commons, and Lulu Harcourt made mincemeat of him. People in England little realise the position in South Africa. There are mineowners culled from every quarter of the globe, with no feelings of patriotism, bent on making as much as they can out of the gold and diamonds. There are the Trade Unionists, earning £7 a week, led by Syndicalists. There are the poor whites without organisation, who earn £1 a week with difficulty, and are for ever liable to be undersold by the coolies from India, who passively resist; and below all is the dark mass of the real natives, who outnumber the white population, all told, by hundreds to one, and who are with difficulty held in check.

"You could easily smash the Empire by a day's debate in this House," said Harcourt. "Let South Africa fight its own battles," was his text. "The Empire is held together by a silken cord; but if you twist it into a whip-lash, the first crack of it will be the knell of the Empire." He spoke very smoothly from elaborate notes, but he carried conviction to the majority of his hearers.

Bob Cecil rubbed home the obvious parallel to Ireland. "Assume," he said, "that an Irish Government attempted to crush its political opponents in Ulster; would it not be as in the case of South Africa? Would the House of Commons have any power to enforce any of the paper safeguards in the Home Rule Bill?" The Government were silent. Many Liberals thought the action of General Botha very high-handed and indefensible, but they dared not vote against their party, and, seeing the Unionists would not vote, the Labour

men courageously pressed the matter to a division. They numbered 50, and were beaten by 164. Gallant fellows to risk so much!

The Labour Party in the House have been steadily losing touch with their followers outside, and it is not to be wondered at when we consider their action. On Friday they moved an amendment, mourning that the King in His Gracious Speech had not mentioned the subject of the number of accidents in mines and railways; all the afternoon they got up, one after another, and belaboured the Government. The Government were, as usual, very sympathetic, and promised to see what could be done; whereupon the Labour men wanted to withdraw their amendment. They were not certain how the Unionists would vote, and, moreover, they were not certain (what was more important) how many men they had hidden away. They were not so gallant as on the day before! Two or three, it is true, had the courage to vote for their own amendment, but the rest actually voted against it at the crack of the Liberal whip. We stood in the doorway and jeered at them as they came through.

"Your £400 a year is in danger," said one Unionist. "I should not like to be at your next Congress," said another; but all to no good. The fidelity of the Labour leaders (?) to the Radical Party is touching in its canine devotion.

There was only half an hour left for Leif Jones to discourse on temperance. Asquith was as sympathetic as Robertson had been to the previous amendment. He would bring in the 1908 Licensing Bill if and when he had time, etc., etc., etc. Meanwhile I hear a rumour that they mean to put another tax on beer, which will doubtless please Leif, even if it displeases the new Radical candidate for Fulham—a wealthy baronet who is a brewer and a temperance reformer.

On Monday there was an unedifying spectacle at each end of the sitting. At the commencement Gulland, one of the Radical Whips, apologised for a speech in which he was accused of hinting in unmistakable language that, if the electors of Wick voted for Munro, they were more likely to get a much-desired harbour than if they voted for his opponent. Asquith admitted that he had committed an error of judgment, and Bonar Law let it rest at that.

At the conclusion of the sitting Joynson-Hicks accused Masterman of doing the same thing at Bethnal Green, where he is standing at the present moment. It is alleged that he promised good things for the dockers if they will return him again. The Unionists feel that this is grossly unfair. Supporters of a Government in power, if they habitually resort to this practice, can always outbid the other side. Lloyd George tried to prove that the scheme had all been arranged long ago, but he did not make much of a case for the defence.

In the afternoon the Church in Wales held the floor, and Ormsby-Gore. He described the "meanest Bill" as one which is being pushed forward by Welsh politicians as a means of securing for themselves jobs, offices, honours, and rewards. Balfour spoke, and the

majority went down to 62, and, as all the Irish voted, it was a virtual defeat.

In the evening we had a debate on Tariff Reform. "Amphy" Tryon made a brilliant speech, which was answered by Chiozza Money; but, as he spoke in the dinner-hour and there were one or two big dinners going on, he spoke to an almost empty house. Bonar Law wound up the debate, and the majority was only 74.

The Radical whips are getting uneasy at these low divisions so early in the session, and are straining every nerve to improve their organisation. Inside the Whips' passage they have a board similar to that employed in some factories, where little knobs are pulled out when a workman enters the works, and pushed in when he leaves. By counting "knobs" you can see at a glance how many men are in the House in support of the Government.

Questions put by Lord Robert Cecil and James Hope showed that the Opposition rank and file are getting restive at Asquith's delay. They think he is playing for time, and, when he has got his Supply through, will snap his fingers at us. The feeling is growing that he ought to be made to give a definite date when he will put his proposals on the table, and if he does not—or they are unsatisfactory—there will inevitably be a row.

Tuesday was a day of further humiliation for the Government. In the House of Lords, Elibank had to make a maiden speech such as I suppose has never been heard before in that august assembly; he apologised for his share in the Marconi scandal. Lansdowne gravely said that not only Lord Murray's own reputation and that of his colleagues had been endangered, but also the honour of the House. He suggested delay, but Lord Amthill declined to drop his motion for an inquiry, so it will come on again on Thursday. By the way the Peers cheered it could be seen that they mean business.

In the Commons, Lloyd George had to defend himself against a host of enemies and answer attacks on his recent statements on the housing and land questions. It seems to me that he loses his temper more often than he used to do. Runciman, also, was rather peevish. White to his thin lips, he accused Walter Long of want of courtesy. Red and choleric, the member for the Strand indignantly denied it, and laughed to scorn the suggestion that the Unionists had kept back charges until after Lloyd George had spoken, in order that he could not reply.

Altogether, it was a lively evening, and the Unionists felt they had begun well.

The painter members of the Friday Club will hold their annual exhibition at the hall of the Alpine Club, Mill Street, Conduit Street, W. It will consist of oil and water colour paintings, drawings, etchings, executed by the members during the past year. The exhibition will continue till March 7.

Notes and News

The next lectures at the Victoria and Albert Museum will be given on Thursday, February 26, by Mr. W. W. Watts, F.S.A., on "English Silversmiths' Work of the Mediæval and Tudor Periods"; and on Thursday, March 5, by Mr. R. Ll. B. Rathbone, on "Jewellery."

Dr. W. T. Grenfell, C.M.G., who has done such splendid work in Labrador, is now in England, hoping to raise some money for his work by lectures. His first public lecture in London, entitled "My Life in Labrador," takes place at the Queen's Hall on the evening of Monday next, and will be illustrated with lantern slides and films. His Excellency the American Ambassador has very kindly consented to preside.

The success of Miss Hoskyn's "Pictures of British History" has induced Messrs. Black to issue a further volume, "More Pictures of British History," in which the series of stories has been arranged so as to follow and enlarge the survey of history given in the earlier book. The illustrations, of which 32 are in colour, will be found to maintain the high standard of all Messrs. Black's picture lesson-books for children. Colour illustrations will also form an important feature of Miss Hoskyn's "Stories of London," to be issued shortly.

By a generous act of private beneficence, the Victoria and Albert Museum has just come into possession of one of the most beautiful existing examples of a mediæval English craftsman's work, the silver-gilt covered bowl formerly at Studley Royal Church, near Ripon. Mr. Harvey Haddon, the donor, has for some time past shown his interest in the building up of a worthy representation of English silversmiths' work in the Museum, and has endowed the collection with an example of which the importance can hardly be over-estimated. The form, proportions, and decoration of the Studley bowl are admirable, and illustrate to the full that instinct for beauty possessed by English craftsmen of the Gothic period.

The Sterling Mackinlay Operatic Society announce three productions for their second season. Two will be stage productions: in the spring, Lacombe's romantic opera, "Ma mie Rosette," which was given over twenty years ago at the old Globe Theatre, with Eugene Oudin as Henri IV; and in the autumn, Lecocq's famous opera-bouffe, "Girofle-Girofla." The repertoire will later on include "La Bearnaise" (Messager), "La Belle Helene" (Offenbach), "Le Petit Duc" (Lecocq), "Le Calife de Bagdad" (Boieldieu), "Olivette" (Audran), and other works. The third production will be a concert version of Liza Lehmann's romantic opera, "The Vicar of Wakefield," to be given in June. In future Mr. Mackinlay will be prepared to give each season a concert performance of a new English opera. Composers who submit operas must do so on the understanding that only a small orchestra will be used. Subscription tickets for the season (stalls, £1 1s.; balcony, 10s. 6d.) may be obtained from the secretary, 32, Baker Street, W.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS IN RUSSIA

THE circumstances under which Ministerial changes have just taken place in Russia are of exceptional interest, and, if we mistake not, will exert a far-reaching influence upon the destinies of the Empire. The retiring Premier, M. Kokofftseff, was in many respects one of the most remarkable men of our times. Besides presiding over the Council of Ministers, the high office to which he succeeded after the assassination of M. Stolypin, he had filled for many years the portfolio of Finance. From every point of view, his tenure of power marked him out as a statesman of front European rank. He proved himself to be a diplomatist of no mean attainments, and it was largely due to his belief in the spirit of compromise that Europe survived the critical period of tension throughout the Balkan conflagration. As a financial authority, the retiring Premier enjoyed world-wide reputation. In the domain of home affairs it is not surprising that opinion should be sharply divided as to his success. M. Kokofftseff was an orator without rival in his own country, or, for the matter of that, in any other country of Europe, and there is no doubt that again and again dexterous employment of this great gift alone maintained for him the leadership of State.

In all cases it is a difficult task for one nationality to appraise justly the internal affairs of another, and this rule applies particularly to the example of the vast Russian Empire. Our interest in the Ministerial changes alluded to will be largely confined to speculation as to their effect upon international relations. It cannot, however, be emphasised too much that the crisis is internal, and that Russian foreign policy, which always rests in the keeping of the Tsar, will undergo no change. In this connection it is only necessary to refer to a proposal which is supposed to have come from St. Petersburg during the past few days, and clearly inspired by satisfaction felt with the working of the Ambassadors' Conference that was called into being in London specially to deal with issues arising out of the Balkan War.

The suggestion is that a permanent body representative of the Triple Entente should be located here; Sir Edward Grey to preside, and France and Russia to be represented by their Ambassadors. At first glance the idea appears to be a sound one, but deeper consideration reveals certain objections. For instance, it may be urged that the creation of such permanent machinery might conceivably deprive the Triple Entente of some of that elasticity which has been looked upon as its principal virtue; or, again, the friends of European unity might complain that realisation of the project would tend to emphasise more than is necessary the dividing line between the two groups of Great Powers. It is not our intention to discuss the points thus raised. We merely mention the proposal emanating from St. Petersburg as an indication of Russian appreciation of British diplomacy. Knowing full well as we do the fixed nature of Russia's foreign policy,

we are convinced that, as in the case of this country, no ministerial change can bring about any drastic alteration.

When we return to the domestic aspects of the crisis, one which it should be strictly noted is essentially domestic in character, we discover some features that have an extremely important bearing upon the welfare of Russia. In spite of all newspaper announcements to the contrary, the fall of M. Kokofftseff was not altogether unexpected. There had long been considerable opposition to the policy which he had pursued in regard to railway development, and powerful financial interests, ignored by him, had strived to undermine his position. The cause which ultimately sent him from office was the attitude he adopted in regard to the drink question. The actual force which swept him away found its origin in the bitter and sustained opposition of Count Witte. Ever since his retirement this great statesman has been longing to return to power. The Tsar, however, while anxious to make use of his advice occasionally, is apprehensive of a man so determined and original in character and method. That Witte's day will come is the conviction of many competent authorities, but before the time arrives startling developments must take place in Russia. Meanwhile he has been the instrument that produced the downfall of M. Kokofftseff, but, as we have already said, the cause in which he sought issue was merely contributory. On the surface, all the moral force was on his side. To anyone who has travelled extensively in Russia the statement that the peasants are becoming degenerate by the spread of the drink habit is no exaggeration. This unfortunate tendency mainly exhibits itself in those industrial centres which are quickly springing up throughout the Empire.

The educated Russian is undeniably more abstemious than his corresponding class in England. Vodka, the spirit mostly consumed, is a Government monopoly from which the State derives one hundred millions sterling annually, or one-third of its total revenue. This monopoly was instituted by Count Witte himself, but it is only fair to say that his case against it to-day rests upon charges of abuse and maladministration. He asserts, and quite rightly, that no nation should be dependent for its existence upon the spread of alcoholism.

It is not easy to find a reply to a denunciation of this kind. M. Kokofftseff took refuge in stating the increase in population as explaining the growing consumption of vodka, and he also referred to the spread of education as a sign of cultural progress. In short, he made the most of a bad case, but all the moral suasion was on the side of his pious political opponent. In future the monopoly is to be rigidly controlled, other sources of revenue are to be discovered, and the State must depreciate the value of its own liquor business by waging a campaign of temperance. For these things have been duly decreed by the Emperor of all the Russias.

It is not a little interesting to reflect that the desire to reform owes its origin to a Temperance Bill introduced to the Duma by a man described as half-peasant, and

that the measure received the assent of the Duma, an assembly which includes peasant representatives. In spite of all criticism it would seem then that the Duma is no small factor in national advancement. That the Tsar came to a wise decision will be the verdict of the friends of Russia. The future of the Empire depends solely upon the steady progress of her peasants, who constitute nearly ninety per cent. of the whole population. As for the aristocrats and officials, they are immersed in bureaucratic stagnation, while the Intellectuals are so freakish and individual in method as to be useless for the furtherance of the national ideal. Peasant happiness alone can encompass the welfare of Russia.

MOTORING

THE important paper recently read before the Royal Society of Arts on the great motor fuel problem has aroused considerable interest in scientific as well as in purely motoring circles, and many eminent experts have taken part in the subsequent discussions. Dr. Ormanby's conclusions, arrived at after a careful and comprehensive survey of the position, all point to alcohol as the only solution at present in sight—an opinion which is endorsed by such authorities as Sir Boverton Redwood, Professor Vivian Lewes, Dr. Hele Shaw, and Mr. Thomas Tyrer, and many others of scarcely less distinction in the scientific world. A great deal has been heard of benzole in this connection, and, in view of the fact that many motorists are obtaining this coal-extracted spirit at a lower price than that of petrol, and are using it with every satisfaction, many people wonder why its competition has not brought down the price of petrol to a lower level. The answer is simply that the supply of benzole is limited, the total quantity producible under existing conditions representing a mere fraction of the demand for motor spirit. The petrol monopolists are aware of this, and they are not likely to reduce their prices until an unlimited supply of the competitive fuel is available. If some means of treating coal as to render the process remunerative for the sake of the spirit alone could be devised, the position would be entirely altered; but at present it appears to be the demand for coke which controls the situation. The motorist's only hope, therefore, of obtaining an adequate supply of fuel at a reasonable price seems to lie either in the discovery of a much superior method of coal distillation, or in the development of alcohol on a world-wide scale.

The award in the competition promoted by Messrs. Napier to encourage careful and skilful driving by chauffeurs in charge of privately owned six-cylinder Napiers has been made by the specially appointed committee of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, and the first prize—a gold watch and chain of the value of £35—has been won by Mr. J. Swinton, chauffeur to H. Percy Densham, Esq., of Cuerden Hall, Thelwell, Warrington. These competitions are excellent in every way, as they offer a strong inducement to the driver to run his car at the lowest possible

cost to the owner, and they are valuable to the makers of the car because they serve to show at what a low cost even a powerful six-cylinder can be run when handled by a careful and competent driver. It is interesting to note that the tyres used on the winning car were all Victors, and that each of them did over 5000 miles. This is a very good performance on a car weighing nearly two tons, without passengers, and it will doubtless be noted by those motorists who realise how important a factor the tyre is when considering economy.

The potentialities of Australia as a market for motor-cars is seen in the official trade statistics for 1912, which have just been issued. The actual number of cars imported is not given, but the rapidity with which the trade is developing is indicated by a comparison of the values of the chassis and bodies imported in 1910, 1911, and 1912 respectively. In 1910 the total value was £790,249, in 1911 £1,178,562, and in 1912 it rose to £1,671,583. These figures will come as a surprise, not merely to the general public, but to many of the British motor firms whose concern it is to find and cultivate fresh markets for their productions. Great Britain still has the lion's share of the Australian business, but whereas its increase since 1910 has only been about 50 per cent., that of America has been about 300 per cent., and Canada is not much behind. There is plenty of food for reflection here for the British maker, especially in view of the fact that there is an undoubted demand in Australia for the high-class British-made car.

Messrs. Belsize Motors, Ltd., of Clayton, Manchester, have issued a little booklet, consisting solely of letters of appreciation from users of Belsize cars, and those prospective motorists whose ambitions and means are of the limited order will be well advised to procure a copy and read it before making their purchases. Many of the letters, the originals of which can be inspected at any time, if desired, constitute really remarkable records of efficiency, economical running, and freedom from mechanical troubles of any description. The "10/12" especially seems to have given unbounded satisfaction to users, and there is little doubt that this model represents the biggest success the Belsize people have ever achieved.

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ALMOST could I write that a cloud of depression has settled on the City. At any rate, the little boom which startled us when the Bank Rate dropped to 3 per cent. has quite died out, and brokers now complain that they are just as badly off as they were at the end of 1913. Trade remains bad all over the Continent and throughout the United States, whilst, as I pointed out last week, everybody in Brazil and the Argentine is suffering from a severe reaction. I do not think that we shall get any serious failures in the Argentine, but it is quite possible that Brazil may find herself unable to meet the interest on her debt. The rumour that she had arranged a loan in Paris has now been denied.

The New Issues are not going as well as they did a few weeks ago. The Union of South Africa loan was a complete failure and gave the underwriters a very bad shock. Eagle Transport asked for another million in preference shares, and the money was found by the followers of Lord Cowdray. Venezuela Central Railway asked for money, but I see no reason why anyone should apply for the bonds, for there is no Central American State that has a worse record. Also, the offer is not good enough, for one can buy the present bonds on better terms. The City of Pretoria has borrowed £750,000, but the public is chary of all South African finance. Trinidad Grand River Oil may be an excellent venture for the promoters, but is likely to turn out as unlucky for the investor as all the other Trinidad oil companies in which the foolish public have wasted their money. The St. Louis Breweries offer us £450,000 6 per cent. debentures at 97, repayable in 12 years at 102. Thus the yield is very high and the Law Debenture may probably obtain the necessary funds; but American breweries, like the oil-fields of Trinidad, have a bad record in the City. The Electric and General Investment offered us £100,000 4½ per cent. debentures in the Tramways (M.E.T) Omnibus Company, guaranteed by the Metropolitan Electric Tramways. The Tramways Company owns 350 motor-buses, and works with the London General Omnibus. There is not much in applying for these debentures, for the yield is not high enough. The Mogiana Railways and Navigation Company offer £1,500,000 5 per cent. bonds at 96. The road has a revenue of £741,061 per annum, and depends mainly upon the coffee crop. In the present state of Brazilian affairs, there is nothing very attractive in the issue. The General Scottish Trust asks for £250,000 with the idea of running a Trust on true Scotch lines. It must be admitted that most Scotch trusts are successful and probably the Scotch will support their own enterprise. Personally, I have nothing to say either for or against the offer. The directors are respectable and the business is certain to be carefully managed.

MONEY.—The Money market seems to be hardening up. There is a steady drain of gold, and Egypt has actually taken £100,000, and it is said that South America is also in the market. If the continued call upon our gold is not stopped, then the Bank of England will have to protect the preserves and raise rates. At the moment, trade bills are readily taken at 3 per cent.

FOREIGNERS.—Some excitement has been caused amongst the German colony in London by an article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on the situation in Japan. None

of the English newspapers has translated this article, which boldly declares that all the news from Japan is faked. The Japanese placed £2,500,000 Treasury bills, and this money will tide them over for a few months, but the country is in a desperate condition, and as I have again and again said, default is only a question of time. There appears to be some argument as to whether the so-called military bonds placed in Brussels are authorised by the Chinese Government. It is said that the Banque Industrielle de Chine has secured a loan, and will shortly make an issue both here and in Paris. China is in dire need of money. It looks very much as though the power of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank were broken. Brazilian bonds have been very flat. Indeed, the whole Foreign market has become weak.

HOME RAILS.—Lord Claud Hamilton made a very sensible speech at the Great Eastern meeting, but he has annoyed railway men by declaring that the best managers can only be found in the United States. Everyone who has travelled through the States must admit that he is speaking the truth. Great Easterns, under an enlightened manager, should be worth buying to-day. The North Eastern dividend was magnificent. I have been urging a purchase of this stock for the past twelve months, and those who got in at the bottom have a 12-point profit, in addition to a 7 per cent. dividend, so that they have 19 per cent. profit on their purchase. London and North Western dividend was not quite so good as some people expected. We all expected not only ½ per cent. increase, which we obtained, but also that the reserves would get at least as much as they did last year, whereas they are docked with £100,000. The Midland announcement was good, and the Midland deferred held their own in the market. On the whole the heavies have done just what people thought they would. No railway can do more. I think, however, that the rise will probably slacken off for some weeks, and that we may see lower prices, in which case wise people will buy, for English railway common stocks will all get to a 4 per cent. basis before the end of 1914.

YANKEES.—The American market is not good. Apparently the bankers are not inclined to encourage speculation at the moment. Some say that the Wall Street magnates are out to get cheap stock; others that the trade position in the United States is bad. The Woolworth Company and the Sears, Roebuck Company made records during 1913, but it must be admitted that general trade has been steadily declining for some time past. The rise in Steels seems nothing but a "bear" squeeze, for the news in regard to the Steel trade is that most of the plants are only working 50 per cent. of their capacity, and that the January and February figures of the Steel Trust will show large deficits. There is a little rig in Copper. The Americans are exporting enormous quantities to Europe, and apparently hiding away the whole of these shipments, for they certainly do not appear in the English statistics.

RUBBER.—Rubber kept very hard until Tuesday, when it tumbled to 2s. 5½d., and Rubber shares tumbled with it. The position according to the dealers in the market is purely professional. They all declare that the public are not buying, and that it is only the Trusts and the professional "bulls" in Mincing Lane that are responsible for the rise. No doubt cheap money has something to do with it. The Glendon report showed enough profit to pay 10 per cent., but it seems impossible that this little company can continue the distribution through 1914. The shares at 25s. seem to me over-valued.

OIL.—Practically no business is doing in the Oil market. Insiders are buying North Caucasians, but as every

insider has a different excuse for his purchase, it is not easy to see why the price has risen. Dealers consequently think it a safe thing to go short. Nevertheless, there is a fairly large "bear" account open already in this share. Premier Pipes are never mentioned. Indeed, the only free market in Oil shares is in Shell and Royal Dutch. The Venezuelan Oil rig hangs fire now that the riggers have gone to Venezuela.

MINES.—The Wolluter report was frankly bad. Profits are down, and the dividend has been cut to 10 per cent. Ore reserves are not only smaller, but their value has decreased. The Arizona report was as good as anyone could have expected, but the careful Scotch board placed large sums to reserve and reduced the dividend. This is one of the best managed Copper companies in the world. There is practically no business doing in either Kaffirs or Rhodesians, but there has been considerable excitement in the Russian Mining market, and Russian mining has had a big jump. None of the Kirkland issues is mentioned. The steam has gone out of this market.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Electric Lighting reports are all good, and once again I desire to point out to my readers what admirable investments may be found in this market. Charing Cross increase their dividend, and the shares jumped to 5, at which price they yield 6 per cent. Notting Hill report is good. City of London figures are also quite noticeable, although the shares seem fully valued. Maple's report shows reduced profits. The Bradford Dyers come out with a record result, on which I congratulate Mr. Milton Sharpe. Selfridge figures are also excellent, and a dividend on the ordinary is paid for the first time. I hear that Mr. Selfridge is going into the provision business. Holders of Forestal Lands should get out of their ordinary shares.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

ULSTER: A SOLDIER'S VIEW.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The King's Speech makes no alteration in a situation which Radical papers, at first inclined to ridicule, now treat as the gravity of the case merits. One of the leading organs of the party, referring to the Ulster preparations as "Sir Edward Carson's Circus," and "comic opera army," not long since, was forced before the opening of Parliament to such a change of front as involved the statement, "We do not agree with those who would ridicule the preparations in Ulster," or words to that effect.

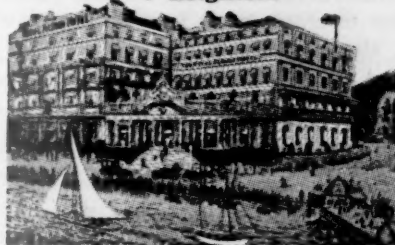
It is generally admitted that, if the Home Rule Bill is forced through without the consent of the people, given at and by a General Election, Ulstermen will make trouble in some way. A body of nearly a hundred thousand volunteers has been formed to resist being thrust out of the Union, as Ulster sees it, whatever the justice of that view may be from a Radical standpoint. A well authenticated rumour has it that, in case of serious disturbance, a portion or the whole of the Aldershot striking force will be hurried to Ulster, to assist the troops already there in dealing with the situation. The fortunes of the Aldershot men on their errand, and those of the Ulster volunteers, in such a contingency, present a very interesting study.

To take the Ulster volunteers first. It must be granted against them that they are, to a certain extent, untrained, that their armament is not the most effective that can be procured, and that, even in Ulster, there is a section of the community which would uphold any law, once it had

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been passed. On the other hand, the Ulstermen have in their ranks a number of trained and seasoned men, especially among those who would correspond to the holders of commissioned rank in a regular military force, while among the rank and file may be counted many who have been under fire on active service. These trained men would have a steadying effect on the whole, and would brace up the Ulster volunteer force—not, perhaps, to equality with disciplined Regular troops, but to a steadiness which would make the army of Ulster, as a whole, a very tough nut to crack in the guerilla tactics which that army would, almost certainly, employ.

With regard to their armament, it may be reasonably assumed that this would be incomplete, and we may take it that, out of the hundred thousand volunteers, Ulster is capable of providing sufficient arms and equipment for only about forty thousand men. That, however, is quite a sufficient force for the opening and carrying on of a disastrous civil war; it will be—assuming that actual hostilities arise out of the situation—an effective and even a dangerous striking force, with its men, animated by what is, to them, a thoroughly patriotic spirit, able and willing to work and fight to the uttermost for that Union which the rest of Ireland is eager, at the bidding of a few interested leaders and the temptation of a plentitude of Yankee dollars, to forgo.

The invading force will be in a precisely opposite situation to that of the Ulstermen. Theoretically, the Regular Army is non-party; practically, it is Conservative to the last man and almost to the last officer—the economising spirit of Radical legislation, reducing and starving the Regular Force in every possible way, has fostered a Conservative spirit. Already officers have resigned their commissions on account of the possibilities of Ulster, and the nature of the case provides that the path to resignation shall remain open up to the very last minute. Those who force Home Rule through dare not, for their own sakes, use the words "civil war" in connection with Ulster trouble until such words are absolutely unavoidable. "Regrettable disturbances," "violent scenes," and "riots," are phrases that will fit the case and serve for ordering troops out without making too full a confession of ghastly blundering in the semblance of legislation. But, until a state of war, civil or otherwise, is admittedly existing, an officer is at liberty to resign his commission. Consequently, on a low estimate, any British regiment ordered to Ulster to preserve peace, before war is admitted to exist, will embark with a third—or, at most, a half—of its officers. For, whatever fine phrases may be used with regard to troops and officers yielding blind obedience to official mandates, quite half the officers will resign, rather than order their men to fire on the force that has been formed to maintain the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

Robbed thus of half its officers, and to a certain extent in sympathy with the men whom it is ordered to oppose, a British coercive force will take the field half-heartedly—for no soldier will retain even a semblance of enthusiasm over a cause which his officers refuse to support. Its men will be thoroughly disciplined, and that fact may be set off against the patriotic—or ill-judged as a different standpoint may cause it to be phrased—eagerness of the Ulster volunteers.

It must be admitted that quite forty thousand of these volunteers will be in a position to take the field—and this is placing the total very low indeed. They will be able, like the Boers in the last war that gave British troops practical experience, to disperse and reassemble, they will be among relatives and friends who will house, feed, and nurse them, while Regular troops in Ulster, fighting

against Ulstermen, will be among a host of spies and ill-wishers. Those who set out to coerce Ulster by force of arms must overcome, not only the hostility of the actual volunteer force, but the scheming and plotting of their friends, who will disclose plans, render assistance to their friends, and mislead their enemies, to the utmost of their power.

To turn into Ulster regiments recruited from the rest of Ireland—the only regiments that would prove dependable in every way for the work—is a step that not even a Radical Government dare contemplate, for the bitter hatred between volunteer Orangemen and troops animated by a Nationalist spirit would lead to bloodier scenes, even, than Cromwell enacted on Irish soil. Again, to destroy civilian Ulster, apart from the volunteer force, to deport families and lay waste the province, is an unthinkable step; the whole population must be fought by half-hearted, half-officered regiments, who will, so far as actual fighting is concerned, have opposed to them a body of armed enthusiasts forty thousand or more strong—a very respectable little army, in fact, about equal in numbers to thirty-two infantry battalions plus eight cavalry regiments.

The anomaly of "traitors" who fight to keep within the Union, and "loyalists" who would support disruption at the instance of an interested Government, has no bearing on this aspect of the Ulster problem. The point at issue is that Ulster possesses a defensive and offensive force capable of maintaining armed opposition, under the ordinary probabilities of a campaign, for a considerable period, and able to take the field with every advantage against an extremely problematic and not nearly so fortunate opponent. There is an infinite field for speculation over the probable results of such a situation as this.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

E. C. V.

London, February 17, 1914.

MADAME D'ARBLAY, EDWARD, AND THE RING.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In THE ACADEMY of April 5, 1913, I mentioned "Edward. A Novel. In Two Volumes. Dedicated (by Permission) to Her Majesty. London: Printed for T. Davies, Russell-Street, Covent-Garden; Bookseller to the Royal Academy. M.DCC.LXXIV." Copies of it exist in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum. After comparing it with "The Ring: A Novel: In a Series of Letters. By A Young Lady. In Three Volumes. London: Printed for J. Stockdale, opposite Burlington-House, Piccadilly. MDCCCLXXXIV." (which exists in the Bodleian Library, but not in the British Museum), and both of these works with "Evelina or The History of A Young Lady's Entrance into The World"; and with "Camilla: or, A Picture of Youth. By the author of Evelina and Cecilia. In Five Volumes. London: Printed for T. Payne, at the Mews-Gate; and T. Cadell Jun. and W. Davies (Successors to Mr. Cadell) in the Strand. 1796": I am "inclined," (to use a word which they contain) to attribute them to Frances Burney, Madame d'Arblay, who flourished (D.N.B.) in the years 1752-1840. The following are a few of the details on which I found the suggestion. The Bodleian copy of *The Ring* bears the name "Penelope Sneyd. 1788." Among the subscribers to *Camilla* one reads "Mrs. Sneyd, Brickley Lodge." In the same list one finds "Mrs. Holroyd, Bath. Mr. Holroyd." The Bodleian copy of *Edward* contains the book-plate of "I. Baker Holroyd Esq. Sheffield Place Sussex." This gentleman lived (D.N.B.) 1735-1821, became Earl of Sheffield in the Peerage of Eireland, and M.P. for Bristol, a place

mentioned in *Edward* and in *The Ring*. Both these novels contain evidence of their authors interest in Eireland, in Spain, and in Bath, where Madame d'Arblay and her father Charles Burney, musician and author, 1726-1814 (D.N.B.) spent much time. In them Bristol meant Bath. Henry Temple, 2nd Viscount Palmerston, visited Spa, a place in *Edward*, (as visited by Lord Henry), and was married, in 1783, at Bath, and was the grandson of a speaker in the Irish House of Commons. On p. 213 of Vol. 2 of *The Ring* we read, "and Lord Palmerston, whom I have before mentioned to you under the title of Sir Edward, but who has been lately created a peer. He is a very agreeable man, and a great favourite of mine." On p. 189 of Vol. 3, "Lord Palmerston is married to Lady Horatia, Lord Merton's sister, and was presented at court on the birth-day." Lord Merton occurs also in *Evelina*. *Belville* is a leading character in *The Ring* as in *Edward*. In the latter he is bad: in the former good. *The Ring* is less insipid than *Edward*. The Dedication of *Camilla*, in 3 pages, begins "To the Queen. Madam," and ends "With the deepest gratitude, and most heart-felt respect, I am, Madam, Your Majesty's Most obedient, most obliged, And most dutiful servant, F. d'Arblay. Bookham, June 28, 1796." *Edward* has a Dedication of 3 pages beginning "To the Queen. Madam," and ending "with the most profound respect, Madam, Your Majesty's Most devoted and obedient Humble Servant, The Author." Both dedications contain the word "patronage." That of *Edward* speaks of "this little production": that of *Camilla* calls it "this little Work." Frances was thus following the example of her father, who became a Bachelor of Music, in Oxford, in 1769. His father was educated at Westminster School. So was *Edward* in the Novel of 1774. He was introduced to Fulke Greville by a harpsichord-maker. A "Greville" appears in *The Ring*, and the harpsichord and the guitar are instruments therein. In *Edward* music is represented by "rural reeds," "flagelet," and "fiddle." Oxford is mentioned in *Edward*: Oxford and Cambridge in *The Ring*, as places of study. Both these novels have a large number of titled people among their actors, as Frances Burney had among her friends. The 3rd Lord Palmerston 1784-1865, is described (D.N.B.) as "a light of Almack's." Almack's, The Pantheon, and The Thatched House, are places of entertainment which occur in *Edward* and *The Ring*. The final letter both in *The Ring* and in *Evelina* announces the marriage of the heroine, and is followed by the Latin FINIS. *Evelina* was published in 1779; *Cecilia* in 1782. I have collected much more evidence to shew that *Edward* and *The Ring* came from the pen of Madame d'Arblay. Probably some reader of THE ACADEMY has found in the literature of her period external, collateral support of this conjecture. The expression "soss, soss!" in *Edward* seems to represent Gaelic *suas=up*! In Vol. I. p. 12 one notes "gauzey," a word for which the earliest authority in "The Oxford Dictionary" is Charlotte Smith in 1796. It occurs thus: "The light was seen through the thin gauzey black."

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

February, 11, 1914.

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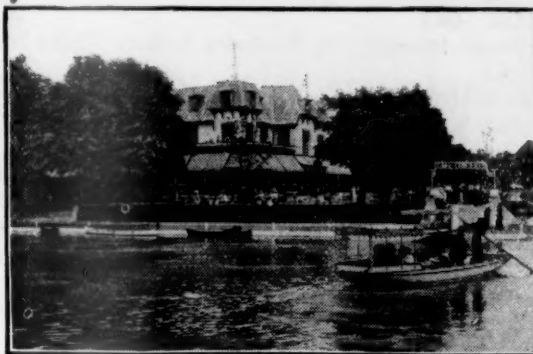
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